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FAR-FAMED TALES

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THE FISHERMAN AND THE GENIE.

FAR-FAMED TALES.

FROM THE

Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FORTY ENGRAVINGS.



LONDON:

ADDEY AND CO. 21 OLD BOND STREET.

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PLAYHOUSE YARD, BLACKFRIARS.



PREFACE.

THERE is no collection of tales equal in popularity to the far-famed "Arabian Nights." They are well-known throughout most of the countries of the East, and have been translated into the language of every civilized people. They are still told by old men in the streets of Cairo, and the wandering Arabs—seated by their watch-fires, with their ever-constant pipes—beguile the nights with recitals of these very stories. Boys in England will read them as long as England lasts; and we are sure, therefore, that we need not apologize for adding one more to the already numerous editions of these "far-famed tales."

But we wish to say this—that in our little volume, or volumes, nothing will be found that the young may not honestly read. The license of the East, which happily is unknown here, sanctions that which we think is better omitted; and we have taken care that no good mothers shall have cause of objection against our collection.

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THE FISHERMAN AND THE GENIE.

THERE was formerly a very old fisherman, who was so poor that he could barely obtain food for himself, his wife, and three children, of which his family consisted. He went out very early every morning to his employment, but being withal somewhat whimsical, he made it an absolute rule to throw his nets only four times a-day.

One morning he set out before the moon had disappeared; and when he got to the shore he cast his nets into the sea. When they had remained the usual time he attempted to land them, and finding them very heavy he congratulated himself on his good fortune, thinking he should have an excellent haul. When, however, he succeeded in dragging them to the shore, to his great mortification he discovered that instead of fish his net contained only the carcase of a dead ass. When he had mended his nets, which the weight of the ass had torn in many places, he threw them in a second *time*. He again found much difficulty in *drawing them* up, and again he thought they we

filled with fish; how great, therefore, was his disappointment to discover only a large pannier, or basket filled with sand and mud! "O Fortune!" he exclaimed with a melancholy voice, and in the greatest affliction, "cease to be enraged against me. Persecute not an unfortunate being. I came from home to seek after life, and you announce my death. I have no other trade by which I can subsist, and even with all my care I can hardly supply the most pressing wants of my family; but of thee I am wrong to complain, who takest a pleasure in abasing the virtuous and leaving great men in obscurity, whilst thou favourest the wicked and exaltest those who possess no virtue to recommend them."

Having thus vented his complaints, he angrily threw aside the pannier, and, washing his nets from the mud, he threw them a third time. He brought up only stones, shells, and filth. It is impossible to describe his despair, which almost deprived him of his senses.

He threw his nets for the fourth time, and again he supposed he had caught a great quantity of fish, as he drew them with as much difficulty as before. He nevertheless found none; but discovered a vase of yellow copper, which seemed, from its weight, to be *filled with something*; and he observed that it was *shut up and fastened with* lead, on which there was the

impression of a seal. "I will sell this to a founder," said he, with joy, "and with the money I shall get for it I will purchase a measure of corn."

He examined the vase on all sides, and taking his knife he picked out the stopper without much difficulty. He then turned the top of the vase downwards, and was much surprised to find nothing come out: he set it down before him, and presently there issued from it so thick a smoke that he was obliged to step back a few paces. By degrees it rose almost to the clouds, and spread itself over the shore, appearing like a thick fog. When the smoke had all come out from the vase, it again collected itself and became a solid body, and then took the shape of a genie, twice as large as any of the giants.

At the appearance of so enormous a monster the fisherman wished to run away, but he was so frightened he was unable to move.

"Solomon, Solomon," cried the genie, "great prophet, pardon me, I pray. I will never more oppose your will, but will obey all your commands."

The fisherman had no sooner heard these words spoken by the genie, than he regained his courage and said: "Proud spirit, what is this you say? Solomon has been dead more than eighteen hundred years. Tell me, I pray, what you want with him, and on what *account you* were shut up in this vase."

"Listen, O fisherman!" answered the genie; "I have news to tell thee."—What news?" asked the fisherman. "Prepare for death!" answered the genie, "for I will kill thee."—"And for what reason, pray, will you kill me?" answered the fisherman; "have you already forgotten that I have set you at liberty?"



—"I remember it very well," returned he; "but that shall not prevent my destroying thee, and I will only grant thee one favour."—"And pray what is that?" asked the fisherman. "It is," replied the genie, "to *permit thee to choose* the manner of thy death."—*"But in what,"* added the other, "have I offended

you? Is it thus you wish to recompense me for the good I have done you?"—"I can treat thee no otherwise," said the genie; "and to convince thee of it, attend to my history.

"I am one of those spirits that rebelled against the great Solomon, the son of David. Sacar and myself were the only spirits who refused to submit to his authority. In order to revenge himself, this powerful monarch charged Asaf, the son of Barakhia, his first minister, to come and seize me, and to bring me before him.

"When I was conducted into the presence of the king, he commanded me to acknowledge his authority, and submit to his laws. I haughtily refused to obey him; and exposed myself to his resentment, rather than take the oath of fidelity which he required of me. In order, therefore, to punish me, he enclosed me in this copper vase; and to prevent me forcing my way out, he put upon the leaden cover the impression of his seal, on which the most great name is engraven. This done, he ordered the vase to be thrown into the sea; which was performed directly.

"I took an oath that if any one delivered me before the first hundred years were passed, I would make him rich even after his death. The time elapsed, and no one assisted me: during the second century I swore *that if any one* released me I would discover to him all

the treasures of the earth. During the third I promised to grant my deliverer, every day, any three requests he chose. This age, too, like the former, passed away, and I remained in the same situation. Enraged, at last, at being so long a prisoner, I abjured mercy, and swore to kill whoever should in future release me, and that the only favour I would grant him would be to choose what manner of death he pleased. Since, therefore, thou hast come here to-day and hast delivered me, fix upon what kind of death thou wilt."

The fisherman was much afflicted at his speech. "How unfortunate," he exclaimed, "am I, to come here and render so great a service to so ungrateful an object! Consider, I entreat you, of your injustice, and revoke so unreasonable an oath. Pardon me, and God will in like manner pardon you. If you generously suffer me to live, he will defend you in all attempts that may be made against your life."—"No!" answered the genie, "thy death is certain; determine only how I shall kill thee." The fisherman was in great distress at finding him thus resolved on his death, not so much on his own account, as on that of his three children; the wretched state to which they would be reduced by his death he greatly deplored. He still endeavoured to appease the genie. "Alas!" he cried, "have pity on *me, in consideration* of what I have done for you."—"*I have already told thee*," replied the genie, "that it

is for that very reason I am obliged to take thy life."—"It is very strange," added the fisherman, "that you should determine to return evil for good. The proverb says, that he who does good to him who does not deserve it is always ill rewarded. I did think, I own, that it was false, because nothing is more contrary to reason; yet now I find it too true."—"Let us lose no time," cried the genie; "your arguments will not alter my resolution. Make haste, and tell me how you wish to die."

Necessity is the mother of invention; the fisherman thought of a stratagem. "Since, then," said he, "I cannot escape death, I submit. Only answer me truly a question I am going to put to you."—"Ask what thou wilt," answered the genie, "and make haste."

"I wish to know," said the fisherman, "whether you really were in that vase; dare you swear it by the great name?"—"Yes," answered the genie, "I do swear by the great name that I most certainly was."—"In truth," replied the fisherman, "I cannot believe you. This vase could not contain one of your feet; how, then, could it hold your whole body?"—"I swear to thee, notwithstanding," replied he, "that I was there just as thou seest me. Wilt thou not believe me after the solemn oath I have taken?"—"No, truly," added the fisherman, "I will not believe unless I were to see it."

The form of the genie immediately began to change

into smoke, and extended itself as before over both the shore and the sea; and then collecting itself, began to enter the vase, and continued to do so till nothing remained without. A voice immediately issued forth, saying: "Now then, thou incredulous fisherman, dost thou believe me now I am in the vase?" Instead of answering the genie, the wily fisherman immediately took the leaden cover and put it on the vase. "Genie," he cried, "it is now your turn to choose what sort of death is most agreeable to you. But no: it is better that I should throw you again into the sea, and I will



build, near the very spot where you are cast, a house upon the shore, in which I will live, to warn all fishermen that shall come and throw their nets, not to fish up so wicked a genie as you are, who make an oath to *kill him who shall set* you at liberty."

The enraged genie tried every method to get out of the vase, but in vain; for the impression of the seal of Solomon the prophet, the Son of David, prevented him. Finding that the fisherman had the advantage over him, he tried to conceal his rage. "Take care," said he, in a softened tone, "what you are about, fisherman. What I did was merely in joke, and you ought not to take it seriously."—"O genie," answered the fisherman, "you, who were a moment ago the greatest of all the genii, are now the most insignificant; and do not suppose that your flattering speeches will be of any use to you. You shall assuredly return to the sea, to remain there till the end of the world. I entreated you not to take my life, and you rejected my prayers; I ought to reject yours likewise."

The genie tried every argument to move the fisherman's pity, but in vain. "I conjure you to open the vase," said he; "if you give me my liberty again, you shall have reason to be satisfied with my gratitude."—"You are too treacherous for me to trust you," returned the fisherman; "I should deserve to lose my life if I had the imprudence to put it into your power a second time. You would most likely treat me as the Greek king treated Douban the physician."—"How was that?" asked the genie.

"Listen, and I will tell you." So the fisherman related to the imprisoned genie the history of

The Greek King and Douban the Physician.

In the country of Zouman, in Persia, there lived a king who was sorely afflicted with a leprosy. His physicians had unsuccessfully tried every remedy they were acquainted with, when a very learned man, named Douban, arrived at the court.

He had acquired his profound learning by studying different authors in the Greek, Persian, Arabic, Turkish, Latin, Syriac, and Hebrew languages; and besides having a consummate knowledge of philosophy, he was well acquainted with the good and bad properties of all kinds of plants and drugs.



As soon as he was informed of the king's illness, and that the physicians had given him up, he dressed himself in his richest robes and presented himself before the king. "Sire," said he, "I know that all the physicians who have attended your majesty have been unable to remove your leprosy; but, if you will do me the honour to accept my services, I will engage to cure you without the use of medicine of any kind." The king, pleased with this proposition, replied: "If you are really able to do what you pretend, I promise to confer riches on you and your children; and will make you my favourite and friend." He then again asked him if he really could undertake to cure him without the use of medicine.—"Yes, sire," replied the physician, "I flatter myself I shall succeed in so doing; and to-morrow I will begin my operations."

Douban returned to his house and made a sort of mallet or bat, with a hollow in the handle to admit the drug he meant to use; this being done, he also prepared a round ball, and the following day he presented himself before the king, and, prostrating himself at his feet, kissed the ground. Douban then arose, and told the king that he must ride on horseback to the place where he was accustomed to play at mall. The king did as he was desired, and when he had reached the bowling-green the physician approached *him, and putting* into his hand the mallet which he

had prepared, "Sire," said he, "you must strike that ball about with this mallet till you find yourself in a profuse perspiration. When the remedy I have enclosed in the handle of the mallet is warmed by your hand, it will penetrate through your whole body; you may then leave off, for the drug will have taken effect; and when you return to your palace, take a bath, then go to bed, and to-morrow you will be quite well."

The king took the mallet and spurred his horse after the ball till he struck it; it was sent back again to him by the officers who were playing with him, and he struck it again; and thus the game continued for a



considerable time, till he found himself in a perspiration. He then left the game, returned to the palace, bathed *and observed very* punctually all the directions.

He soon found the good effects of the prescription;

for when he arose the next morning he perceived with equal surprise and joy that his leprosy was entirely cured, and that his body was as clear as if he had never been attacked by that malady. As soon as he was dressed he went into the audience-room, where he mounted his throne and received the congratulations of all his courtiers. Douban entered, and went to prostrate himself at the foot of the throne, with his face towards the ground. The king, seeing him, called to him, and made him sit by his side; and, showing him to the assembly, gave him in that public way all the praise he so well deserved; nay, he did not stop here, for there being a grand entertainment at court on that day, he placed him at his own table to dine with him.

The Greek king (continued the fisherman) was not satisfied with admitting the physician to his own table: towards evening, when the courtiers were about to depart, he invested him with a long rich robe resembling that which the courtiers usually wore in his presence, and, in addition, made him a present of two thousand sequins. The following days he did nothing but caress him; in short, this prince, thinking he could never repay the obligations he owed to so skilful a physician, was continually conferring on him some fresh proof of his gratitude.

The king had a grand vizier who was avaricious, *envious*, and by nature capable of every species of



crime. He observed, not without pain, the presents which had been bestowed upon the physician, whose great character and merit he was determined to lessen and destroy in the mind of the king. To accomplish this he went to him, and said in private that he had some intelligence of the greatest moment to communicate. The king asked him what it was. "Sire," replied he, "it is very dangerous for a monarch to place any confidence in a man of whose fidelity he is not assured. *In overwhelming the* physician Douban with your *favours, and bestowing* all the kindness and regard upon

him you do, you are ignorant that he is a traitor, who has introduced himself to the court in order to assassinate you."—"What is this you tell me?" answered the king; "recollect to whom you speak, and that you advance an assertion which I shall not easily give credit to."—"Sire," added the vizier, "I am accurately informed of what I have the honour to represent to you; do not, therefore, continue to repose such a dangerous confidence in him. If your majesty is, as it were, in a dream, it is time to awake; for I again repeat that the physician Douban has not travelled from the farther part of Greece, his own country, but for the horrible design I have mentioned."

"No, no, vizier," interrupted the king, "I am sure this man, whom you consider as a hypocrite and traitor, is one of the most virtuous and best of men; there is no one in the world whom I regard so much. You know by what remedy, or rather by what miracle, he cured me of my leprosy; and if he had sought my life, why did he thus save it? Cease, then, from endeavouring to instil unjust suspicions, for, instead of listening to them, I now inform you that from this very day I bestow upon him a pension of one thousand sequins a-month for the rest of his life. And were I to share all my riches, and even my kingdom, with him, I could never sufficiently repay what he has done for me. I *see what it is*; his virtue excites your envy: but de

not suppose that I shall suffer myself to be prejudiced against him unjustly."

"It is not envy that makes me hostile to him, sire," replied the vizier; "it is the interest alone that I take in your majesty's preservation: it is my zeal which induces me to give my advice on so important an occasion. If my information is false, I deserve the same punishment that a certain vizier underwent ormerly."—"What had that vizier done worthy of chastisement?" said the Greek king. "I will tell your majesty," answered the vizier, "if you will have the goodness to listen." He then related the history of

The Vizier who was punished.

THERE was formerly a king, whose son was passionately fond of hunting. His father, therefore, often indulged him in this diversion, but, at the same time, gave positive orders to his grand vizier always to accompany and never to lose sight of him.

One morning, when he was enjoying the chase, the prickers roused a stag, and the prince set off in pursuit, thinking the vizier followed him. He galloped so long, and his eagerness carried him so far, that he at last found himself quite alone. He immediately stopped, and endeavoured to return by the track in which he had come. He was, however, unable to find it. As



he rode about in search of it he discovered, seated beneath the shade of a bush, a lady young and handsome, who was weeping most bitterly. The prince immediately checked his horse, dismounted, and inquired of her who she was, what she did alone in that place, and whether he could assist her. "I am," she answered, "the daughter of an Indian king. In riding out into the country, I was overcome with sleep and fell from my horse. He has run away, and I know not what has become of him." The young prince, being moved by her distress, proposed to take her up behind him, an offer which she gladly accepted.



As they passed by an old ruined building, the lady begged to be allowed to alight; the prince therefore stopped and suffered her to get down. He also alighted and followed her towards the building, at a little distance, holding his horse by the bridle. Imagine what was his astonishment, when he heard the female, who did not know that he was within hearing, pronounce these words within the walls: "Rejoice, my children, I have brought you a very nice fat youth." And directly afterwards other voices answered: "Where is he, mamma? Let us eat him instantly, for we are very hungry."

The prince had heard enough to convince him of the danger he was in: he plainly perceived that she, who *represented* herself as the daughter of an Indian king, *was no other than one* of those savage demons called

Ghouls, who live in desert places, and make use of a thousand wiles to surprise and devour the unfortunate passengers. Trembling with fear he instantly mounted his horse.

The pretended princess at that moment made her appearance, and finding she had failed in her scheme, "Do not be afraid," she cried, "but tell me who you are, and what you are seeking for."—"I have lost my way," he replied, "and am endeavouring to find it."—"If you are lost," she said, "recommend yourself to God, and he will deliver you from your difficulty."

The young prince could not believe that she spoke sincerely, but that she considered him as already within her power; he lifted up his hands, therefore, towards heaven, and said: "Cast thine eyes upon me, I pray thee, and deliver me from this mine enemy!" At this prayer the Ghoul went back to the ruin, and the prince rode off as fast as possible. He fortunately discovered the right road and arrived safely at home, when he related to his father the great danger he had encountered, through the neglect of the grand vizier. The king was so enraged at him that he ordered this minister to be instantly strangled.

"Sire," continued the vizier of the Greek king, "to return to the physician Douban; if you do not take *care, the* confidence you place in him will turn out

unfortunate. I well know that he is a spy, sent by your enemies to attempt your majesty's life. He has cured you, you say, but who can tell? He has perhaps only cured you in appearance—and who can tell whether this remedy, in the end, will not produce the most pernicious effects?"

The Greek king, who was naturally of a weak character, had not penetration enough to discover the wicked intention of his vizier, nor sufficient firmness to persist in his first opinion. This conversation staggered him. "You are right, vizier," said he; "he may be come for the express purpose of taking my life, which he can easily accomplish, even by the mere smell of some of his drugs. We must consider what is to be done!"

Perceiving the effect which his representations had upon the king, the vizier said to him: "The best and most certain means, sire, to ensure your repose and put your person in safety, is instantly to send for Douban, and, on his appearance, order him to be beheaded."—The king immediately called one of his officers, and ordered him to find the physician, who hastened to the palace.

"Knowest thou," said the king as soon as he saw him, "why I have sent for thee here?"—"No, sire," answered Douban, "and I wait till your majesty pleases to instruct me."—"I have ordered thee to come," *replied the king,* "to free myself from thy snares, by *taking thy life.*"

It is impossible to express the astonishment of Douban at hearing the sentence of his death. "For what reason, sire," replied he, "does your majesty condemn me to death? What crime have I been guilty of?"—"I have been well informed," added the king, "that you are a spy, and that you have come to my court in order to take away my life; but to prevent that I will first deprive you of yours. Strike," added he to an officer who was by, "and deliver me from a treacherous wretch, who has introduced himself here only to assassinate me."

On hearing this, the physician began to suspect that the honours and riches which had been heaped upon him, had excited some enemies against him, and that the king, through weakness, had suffered himself to be guided by them; nor was he wrong. He began to repent having cured him; but that came too late. "Is it thus," he cried, "that you recompense the good I have done you?" The king, however, paid no attention, and desired the officer, a second time, to execute his orders. The physician had then recourse to prayers. "Ah, sire," he cried, "if you prolong my life, God will prolong yours; do not kill me, lest God should treat you in the same manner."

"You see, then," said the fisherman, breaking off *his story in this* place, and addressing himself to the

genie in the vase, "that what passed between the Greek king and the physician Douban is exactly the same as what has happened between us."

The Greek king, however (he continued), instead of regarding the entreaties of the physician, exclaimed, "No, no, you must die, or you will take away my life in a still more concealed manner than you have cured me." Douban, in the meantime, bathed in tears, complained much at finding his important services so ill requited, and at last prepared for death. The officer then put a bandage over his eyes, tied his hands, and was going to draw his scimitar. The courtiers, however, who were present, felt so much for him that they entreated the king to pardon him, assuring his majesty he was not guilty, and that they would answer for his innocence. But the king was inflexible, and spoke so peremptorily they dared not reply.

The physician being on his knees, his eyes bandaged, and ready to receive the stroke that was to terminate his existence, once more addressed the king: "Since your majesty, sire, will not revoke the order for my death, I entreat you at least to give me leave to return home to arrange my funeral, take a last farewell of my family, bestow some charity, and leave my books to those who will know how to make a good use of them. There is one among them which I wish to

make a present of to your majesty. It is is a very rare and curious work, and worthy of being kept even in your treasury with the greatest care."—"What book can that be," replied the king, "so valuable as you mention?" —"Sire," replied the physician, "it contains things of the most curious nature, and one of the principal is, that when my head shall be cut off, if your majesty will take the trouble to open the book at the sixth leaf, and read the third line on the left hand page, my head will answer every question you wish to ask." The king was so desirous of seeing such a wonderful thing, that he put off his death till the next day, and sent him home under a strong guard.

The physician then arranged all his affairs, and as the news got abroad that an unheard-of prodigy was to happen after his execution, the viziers, emirs, and officers of the guard, in short all the court, flocked the next day to the hall of audience to witness such an extraordinary event.

Douban, the physician, appeared directly after, and advanced to the foot of the throne with a very large volume in his hand. He then placed it on a vase, and, unfolding the cover in which the book was wrapt, thus addressed the king as he presented it: "If it be your pleasure, sire, receive this book; and as soon as my head shall be struck off, order one of your officers to *place it on the* vase upon the cover of the book; the

moment it is there, the blood will cease to flow; then open the book, and my head shall answer all your questions. But, sire," added Douban, "permit me once more to implore your mercy. Consider, I beseech you, that I solemnly protest to you that I am innocent."—"Thy prayers," answered the king, "are useless; and were it only to hear your head speak after your death, I would wish for your execution." Saying this, he took the book from the hands of the physician, and ordered the officer to do his duty.

The head was so adroitly cut off, that it fell into the vase, and it had hardly been on the cover an instant before the blood stopped. To the great astonishment of the king and all the spectators, it then opened its eyes, and said: "Will your majesty now open the book?" The king did so, and finding that the first leaf stuck to the second, he put his finger to his mouth and moistened it, in order to turn it over more easily. He went on doing so, till he came to the sixth leaf; and, observing nothing written upon the appointed page, "Physician," said he to the head, "there is no writing."—"Turn over, then, a few more leaves," replied the head. The king continued turning them over, still putting his finger frequently to his mouth, till the poison, in which each leaf had been dipped, began to *produce its effect.* The prince then felt himself sud*denly agitated in* a most extraordinary manner; his

sight failed him, and he fell at the foot of the throne in the greatest convulsions.

When the physician Douban, or rather his head, saw that the poison had taken effect, and that the king had only a few moments to live: "Tyrant," he exclaimed,



"behold how those princes are treated who abuse their power and sacrifice the innocent. Sooner or later, punishment overtakes their injustice and cruelty." The head had no sooner repeated these words than the king expired; and, at the same time, the small portion of life *that remained* in the head itself was wasted.

As soon as the fisherman had finished the history of the Greek king and the physician Douban, he addressed the genie, whom he still kept confined in the vase. "If," said he, "the Greek king had permitted Douban to live, he would also have had the same benefit bestowed on him; but he rejected the humble prayers of the physician; he was therefore punished. This, O Genie, is the case with you. If I had been able to make you relent, and could have obtained the favour I asked of you, I should have pitied the state in which you now are: but since you persisted in your determination to kill me, in spite of the obligation you were under to me for setting you at liberty, I ought, in my turn, to show no mercy. In leaving you within this vase and casting you into the sea, I shall deprive you of the use of your existence till the end of time. This is the revenge I have been taught by you."

"Once more, my good friend," replied the genie, "I entreat you not to be guilty of so cruel an act; remember that revenge is not a virtue; on the contrary, it is praiseworthy to return good for evil. Do not, then, serve me as Imma formerly treated Ateca."—"And how was that?" asked the fisherman.—"If you wish to know, open this vase," answered the genie: "do you think that I am in the humour to relate stories while *confined in* this narrow prison? I will tell you as many *as you please when* you shall have let me out."—"No,

no," said the fisherman, "I will not release you; it is better for me to cast you to the bottom of the sea."—"One word more, fisherman," cried the genie: "I promise that, so far from injuring you, I will teach you how to become as rich as possible."

The hope of being no longer poor at once disarmed the fisherman. "I would listen to you," he cried, "if I had the least ground to believe you; swear to me, by the great name, that you will faithfully observe what you say, and I will open this vase. I do not believe that you will be sufficiently bold to violate such an oath." The genie did so, and the fisherman immediately took off the covering. The first thing the genie did, after he had resumed his usual form, was to kick the vase into the sea: this action rather alarmed the fisherman. "What do you mean, O genie, by this; do you not intend to keep the oath you have taken? Or must I address the same words to you which the physician Douban did to the Greek king? 'Suffer me to live, and your own days will be prolonged!'"

The fears thus expressed made the genie laugh. "Be of good heart, fisherman," answered he; "I have thrown the vase into the sea only for diversion, and to see whether you would be alarmed: but, to show you that I intend to keep my word, take your nets and follow me." They passed by the city and went over the *top of a mountain*, whence they descended into a vast

plain, which led to a lake situated amid the four small hills.



When they were arrived on the borders of the lake the genie said to the fisherman: "Cast your nets into the lake." The fisherman did so, and greatly to his surprise he drew out four fish, each of a different colour, white, red, blue, and yellow. As he had never seen any similar to them, he could hardly cease admiring them, and, judging that he could dispose of them for a considerable sum, he expressed great joy. "Carry these fish to the palace," said the genie, "and present them to the sultan, and he will give you more

money than you ever handled in all your life. You may come every day and fish in this lake, but observe to throw your nets only once each day; if you act otherwise, some evil will befall you; therefore take care. This is my advice, and if you follow it exactly you will do well." Having said this, he stamped his foot upon the ground, which opened, and, the genie sinking into it, the earth closed as before.

The fisherman resolved to observe the instructions of the genie in every point, and to take care never to throw his nets a second time. He returned to the city very well satisfied with his success, and, making a thousand reflections on his adventure, he went directly and presented his fish at the sultan's palace.

The sultan was very much surprised when he saw the four fish brought him by the fisherman. He took them one by one, and examined them most attentively; and, after admiring them a long time, he said to his first vizier: "Take these fish and carry them to the cook which the emperor of the Greeks sent me; I think they must be as good as they are beautiful."

The vizier took them, and delivered them into the hands of the cook. "Here are four fish," said he, "which have been presented to the sultan; he commands you to dress them." He then returned to the sultan, his master, who desired him to give the fisherman four hundred pieces of gold, which he faithfully



executed. The fisherman, who was never before in possession of so large a sum of money at once, could not conceal his joy, and thought it all a dream. He soon, however, proved it to be a reality by the good purpose to which he applied the gold, that of relieving the wants of his family.

As soon as the cook had cleaned the fish which the vizier had brought, she put them in a vessel with some *oil over the fire to fry*. When she thought they were

sufficiently done on one side she turned them. She had hardly done so, when, wonderful to relate! the wall of the kitchen appeared to separate, and a beautiful and majestic young damsel came out of the opening. She was dressed in a satin robe, embroidered with



flowers after the Egyptian manner, and adorned with ear-*rings*, and a necklace of large pearls, and gold *bracelets set* with rubies; she held a rod of myrtle in

her hand. Approaching the vessel, to the great astonishment of the cook, who remained motionless at the sight, and, striking the fish with her rod, she said: "Fish, fish, are ye doing your duty!" The fish answering not a word, she again repeated it, when they all raised themselves up, and said very distinctly, "Yes, yes: if you reckon, we reckon; if you pay your debts, we pay ours; if you fly, we conquer, and are content." As soon as they had spoken these words, the damsel overturned the vessel and went back through the wall, which immediately closed up, and returned to the same state as before.

The cook, whom all these wonders alarmed, having in some measure recovered from her fright, went to take up the fish which had fallen upon the hot ashes; but she found them blacker and more burnt than the coals themselves, and not at all in a state to send to the sultan. At this she was greatly distressed, and began to cry with all her might. "Alas," said she, "what will become of me? I am sure, when I relate to the sultan what I have seen, that he will not believe me. How enraged also will he be with me!"

While she was in this distress, the grand-vizier entered, and asked if the fish were ready. The cook then related all that had taken place, at which, as we *may naturally suppose*, he was much astonished; but, *without telling the* sultan anything about it, he in-

vented some excuse which satisfied him. He then sent directly for the fisherman, to whom, when he was come, he said: "Bring me four more fish like those you brought before, for an accident has happened which prevents their being served up to the sultan." The fisherman did not tell him what the genie had strictly advised him to do, but pleaded the length of the way as an excuse for not being able to procure any more that day; he promised, however, to bring them the next morning.

The fisherman, in order to be in time, set out before it was day, and went to the lake. He threw his nets, and, drawing them out, found four more fish like those he had taken the day before, each of a different colour. He returned directly, and brought them to the grand-vizier by the time he had promised. The minister took them and carried them into the kitchen, where he shut himself up with the cook, who prepared to dress them before him. She put them on the fire as she had done the others on the preceding day. When they were dressed on one side she turned them, and immediately the wall of the kitchen opened, and the same damsel appeared with her myrtle in her hand. She approached the vessel in which the fish were, and, striking one of them, addressed the same words to it she had before done, when they all, raising their heads, made the same answer. The damsel overturned the vessel with her

rod as she had done before, and went back through the opening in the wall where she had entered. The grand-vizier witnessed all that passed. "This is very surprising," he cried, "and too extraordinary to be kept secret from the sultan's ears. I will myself go and inform him of this prodigy." He went immediately, and gave an exact and true relation of all that had passed.



The sultan was much astonished, and became very anxious to see this wonder. For this purpose he again sent for the fisherman. "Friend," said he to him when he came, "canst thou not bring me four more

fish of different colours?"—"If your majesty," answered the fisherman, "will grant me three days, I can promise to do so." He obtained the time he wished, and went, for the third time, to the lake. He was not less successful than before, and again caught four fish of different colours the first time he threw his nets. He neglected not to carry them directly to the sultan, who expressed the greater pleasure at seeing them, as he did not expect them so soon; and he ordered four hundred pieces of money to be given to the fisherman.

As soon as the sultan had got the fish, he had them taken into his own cabinet, together with the different things that were necessary to dress them. Here he shut himself up with the grand-vizier, who put them on the fire in a proper vessel, and began to cook them. As soon as they were done on one side, he turned them on the other. The wall of the cabinet immediately opened, but instead of the beautiful damsel there appeared a black, who was in the habit of a slave. This black was very large and gigantic, and held a great green rod in his hand. He advanced to the vessel, and, touching the fish with his rod, he cried out in a terrible tone, "Fish, fish, are ye doing your duty?" At these words the fish lifted up their heads, and answered: "Yes, yes, we are: if you reckon, we reckon; if you *pay your debts*, we pay ours; if you fly, we conquer,



and are content." The fish had scarcely said this, when the black overturned the vessel into the middle of the cabinet, and reduced the fish to a state of cinders. Having done so, he haughtily retired through the opening of the wall, which instantly closed and appeared as perfect as before.

"After what I have seen," said the sultan to his grand-vizier, "it is in vain for me to think of remaining at ease. It is certain that these fish signify something very extraordinary, which I wish to discover." He sent for the fisherman, and when he arrived he said to him: "The fish thou hast brought me have caused me *great uneasiness; where* dost thou catch them?"—"I *caught them, sire,*" answered he, "in a lake, which is

situated in the midst of four small hills, beyond the mountain you may see from hence."—"Do you know that lake?" said the sultan to the vizier. "No, sire," answered he, "I have never even heard it mentioned, though I have hunted in the vicinity of the mountain and beyond it nearly sixty years." The sultan asked the fisherman about what distance the lake was from the palace; he replied that it was not more than three hours' journey. With this assurance, as there was still time to arrive there before night, the sultan ordered his whole court to get ready, while the fisherman served as a guide.

They all ascended the mountain, and in going down on the other side they were much surprised by the appearance of a large plain which no one had ever before remarked. They at length arrived at the lake, which they found situated exactly among four hills, as the fisherman had reported. Its water was so transparent that they remarked all the fish to be of the same colour as those the fisherman had brought to the palace.

The sultan halted on the side of the lake; and, after observing the fish with signs of great admiration, he inquired of his emirs and all his courtiers, if it could be possible that they had never seen this lake, which was so close to the city. They all said they had never heard it even mentioned. "Since you all agree, then,"

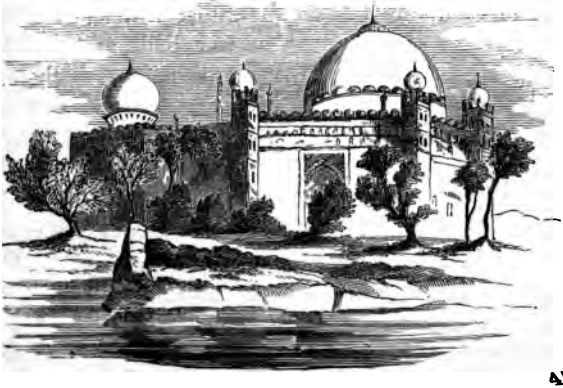
said he, "that you have never heard it spoken of, and since I am not less astonished than you are at this novelty, I am resolved not to return to my palace till I have discovered for what reason the lake is now placed here, and why there are fish of only four colours in it." After having thus spoken, he ordered them to encamp around it; his own pavilion and the tents of his immediate household were pitched on the borders of the lake.

When the day closed, the sultan retired to his pavilion, and entered into a particular conversation with his vizier. "My mind," said he, "is much disturbed: this lake suddenly placed here—the black who appared to us in my cabinet—those fish, too, which we heard speak,—all this so much excites my curiosity that I cannot conquer my impatience to be satisfied. It is on this account that I am absolutely determined to execute the design I meditate. I shall go quite alone from my camp, and order you to keep my departure a profound secret. Remain in my pavilion, and when my emirs and courtiers present themselves at the entrance, to-morrow morning, send them away, and say I have a slight indisposition and wish to remain alone. You will also continue to do so every day till my return."

The grand-vizier used many arguments to persuade *the sultan not to do* as he intended. He represented

the great danger to which he exposed himself, and the unnecessary trouble and difficulties he might thus encounter, and probably to no purpose. All his eloquence, however, was exhausted to no effect; the sultan did not alter his resolution, but prepared to set out. He put on a proper dress for walking, and armed himself with a sabre; and as soon as he found that everything in the camp was quiet he departed, unaccompanied by any one.

He bent his course towards one of the small hills, which he ascended without much difficulty; the descent on the other side was still easier. He then pursued his way over the plain till sunrise, when he perceived in the distance before him a large building, the sight of which



filled him with joy, from the hopes of being able to gain some intelligence of what he wished to know. When he came near, he remarked that it was a magnificent palace, or rather a strong castle, built with polished black marble, and covered with fine steel, so bright that it was like a mirror. Delighted with having so soon met with something at least worthy his curiosity, he stopped opposite the front and considered it with much attention; he then advanced towards the folding doors, one of which was open. Though he might have gone in, he thought it better to knock. At first he knocked gently and waited some time; but, finding no one appear, he thought they might not have heard; he therefore knocked a second time much louder; still no one came. He redoubled his efforts, but in vain. At this he was astonished, as he could not imagine that a castle so well built as that was could be deserted. "If there be no person there," said the sultan to himself, "I have nothing to fear; and, if there be any one, I have arms to defend myself with."

At last he entered, and when he was in the vestibule he called out, "Is there no one here to receive a stranger who is in want of refreshment on his journey?" He repeated it two or three times as loud as he could *still there* was no answer. This silence increased *astonishment.* He passed on to a very spacious

and, looking on all sides, he could not discover a living creature. He then entered and passed through some large halls, the carpets of which were of silk, the recesses and sofas entirely covered with the stuffs of Mecca, and the curtains, before the doors of the richest manufactures of India, embroidered with gold and silver. He went on and came to a most wonderful saloon, in the midst of which there was a large reservoir, with a lion of massive gold at each corner. Streams of water issued from the mouths of the four lions, and, in falling, appeared to break into a thousand diamonds and pearls, which formed a good addition to a fountain that sprang from the middle of the basin, and rose almost to the top of a dome, beautifully painted in the arabesque style.

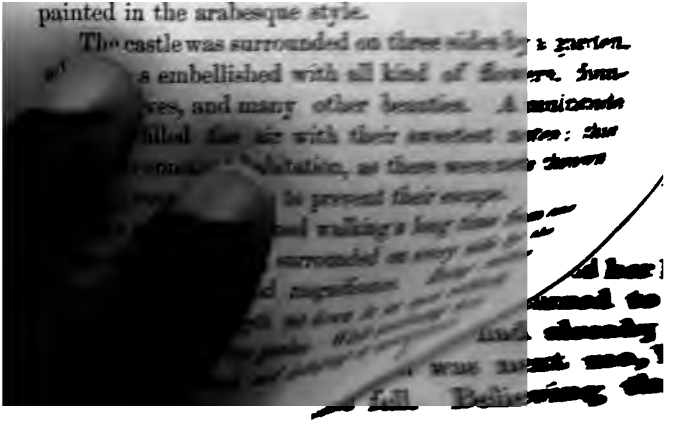
The castle was surrounded on three sides by a garden, which was embellished with all kind of flowers, fountains, groves, and many other beauties. A multitude of birds filled the air with their sweetest notes; this was their constant habitation, as there were nets thrown entirely over the trees to prevent their escape.

The sultan continued walking a long time from one apartment to another, surrounded on every side by the utmost grandeur and magnificence. Being rather fatigued, he at length sat down in an open cabinet, which looked into the garden. While meditating here upon all he had seen, and indulging in anticipations

filled him with joy, from the hopes of being able to gain some intelligence of what he wished to know. When he came near, he remarked that it was a magnificent palace, or rather a strong castle, built with polished black marble, and covered with fine steel, so bright that it was like a mirror. Delighted with having so soon met with something at least worthy his curiosity, he stopped opposite the front and considered it with much attention; he then advanced towards the folding doors, one of which was open. Though he might have gone in, he thought it better to knock. At first he knocked gently and waited some time; but, finding no one appear, he thought they might not have heard; he therefore knocked a second time much louder; still no one came. He redoubled his efforts, but in vain. At this he was astonished, as he could not imagine that a castle so well built as that was could be deserted. "If there be no person ch... said the sultan to himself, "I have nothi... and, if there be any one, I have arm... with."

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and, looking on all sides, he could see nothing but the [illegible] creature. He then entered [illegible] large halls, the [illegible] recesses and [illegible] Mecca, and the [illegible] manufactures of [illegible] silver. He went in [illegible] saloon, in the midst of which [illegible] voir, with a [illegible] Streams of water [illegible] lions, and, in falling, [illegible] diamonds and pearls, which [illegible] a fountain that [illegible] and rose almost to the top of a dome beautifully painted in the arabesque style.


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filled the air with their sweetest notes; the
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of what he might yet see, a plaintive voice, accompanied by the most heart-rending cries, suddenly struck his ear. He listened attentively, and distinctly heard these words: "O Fortune, thou hast not suffered me long to enjoy my happy lot, but hast rendered me the most wretched of men: cease, I entreat thee, thus to persecute me, and, by a speedy death, put an end to my sufferings! Alas! is it possible I can still exist, after all the torments I have suffered?"

The sultan, much affected by these lamentable complaints, immediately got up and went towards the spot from whence they issued. He came to the entrance of a large hall, and, drawing the door-curtain aside, saw a young man richly dressed, but on whose countenance sorrow was strongly impressed, seated on a sort of throne, raised a little from the ground. The sultan approached and saluted him. The youth returned the compliment by bending his head very low, but did not rise. "I am sure, sir," said he to the sultan, "I ought to get up to receive you and show you all possible respect, but a most powerful reason prevents me; you will not therefore, I trust, take it amiss."—"I feel myself highly honoured, sir," replied the sultan, "by the good opinion you express of me. Whatever may be your motive for not rising, I willingly receive your apologies. Attracted by your complaints, and impelled by your sufferings, I come to offer you my assistance.

I trust I shall be permitted to afford some consolation to you in your misfortunes, and I will use all my endeavours to do so. I flatter myself you will not object to relate the history of your sorrows to me. But, in the first place, I beg of you to inform me what the lake which is near this castle means, where there are fish of four different colours; and how also this castle came here, with you thus in it, and alone?"

Instead of answering these questions, the young man began to weep most bitterly. "How inconstant is fortune!" he cried; "she delights in crushing those whom she has elevated. Who can say they have ever enjoyed from her a life of calm and pure happiness?"

The sultan, touched with compassion at his situation, requested him again to relate the cause of such sorrow. "Alas, my lord," answered the youth, "can I be otherwise than afflicted, or can these eyes ever cease from shedding tears?" At these words he lifted up his robe, and the sultan perceived that he was a man only to his waist, and that from thence to his feet he had been changed into black marble.

You may easily imagine that the sultan was much surprised when he saw the deplorable state of the young man. "What you show me," said he, "fills me with horror, but at the same time excites my curiosity; I am impatient to learn your history, which must no doubt be very singular; and I am persuaded

that the lake and the fish have some connection with it: I entreat you, therefore, to relate it, and you may find consolation by doing so; for the unhappy often experience relief in communicating their sorrows."—"I will not refuse you this satisfaction," replied the young man, "although I cannot impart it without renewing the most poignant grief; but I must forewarn you to prepare your ears and your mind—nay, even your eyes—for what surpasses all conception."

The Story of the King of the Black Isles.

My father (said the prince, in commencing the account of his adventures), who was called Mahmoud, was the king of the state. It is the kingdom of the Black Isles, which takes its name from four small neighbouring mountains, that were formerly islands; and the capital, where my father resided, was situated on the spot which is now occupied by that lake.

The king, my father, died at the age of seventy. I had no sooner succeeded to the throne than I married, and the person whom I chose to partake of the royal dignities with me was my cousin. I had every reason to be satisfied with the proofs of affection I received from her, and, on my part, I returned them with equal

tenderness. Our happy union continued for five years, when I began to perceive that the queen no longer loved me.

One day, after dinner, when she was gone to the bath, I felt inclined to sleep, and threw myself on a sofa; two of her women who had happened to be in the



room seated themselves, one at my head, the other at my feet, to fan me, as well for the purpose of refreshing me as to keep off the flies which might have disturbed my slumbers. Supposing me asleep, they began to talk softly; but my eyes were only closed, and I overheard their whole conversation.

"Is it not a pity," said one of them to the other, "*that the* queen does not love our king, who is such

an amiable prince?"—"Surely it is," replied the other; 'and I cannot conceive why she goes out every night and leaves him. Does he not perceive it?"—"How should he perceive it," resumed the first, "when she mixes in his drink the juice of a certain herb, which makes him sleep so profoundly that she has time to go wherever she likes."

You may judge, my lord, of the surprise which this discourse occasioned me, as well as the sentiments it inspired: nevertheless, I had sufficient command over myself to suppress my emotions; I pretended to awake without having heard the conversation.

The queen returned from the bath; we supped together, and before we went to bed she presented me the cup of water which it was usual for me to take; but, instead of drinking it, I approached a window that was open, and threw it out without her perceiving me. We soon retired to rest; and shortly after, supposing that I was asleep, she got up with so little precaution, that she said aloud, "Sleep, and mayst thou never wake more!" She dressed quickly and left the chamber.

The queen had no sooner quitted me than I got up, and, taking my scimitar, followed her so closely, that I heard her footsteps just before me. She passed through several doors which opened by virtue of some magic words she pronounced, and entered into the

garden. Following her with my eyes as well as the obscurity of the night would permit, I remarked that she went into a little wood, the walks of which were enclosed by a thick hedge. I repaired thither by another way, and, hiding myself behind the hedge of one of the paths, I perceived that she was accompanied by a man.

I did not fail to listen attentively to their conversation. "I do not deserve," I heard the queen say to her lover, "your reproaches for my want of diligence; you well know the reason of it. But if all the marks of love which I have hitherto given you are not sufficient to persuade you of my sincerity, I am ready to give you still more convincing proofs of it; you have only to command, you know my power. I will, if you wish it, before the sun rises, change this great city and this beautiful palace into frightful ruins, which shall be inhabited only by wolves, and owls, and ravens. Shall I transport all the stones with which these walls are so strongly built beyond Mount Caucasus, and farther than the boundaries of the habitable world? You have only to speak, and it shall be done."

As the queen finished this speech, she and her lover, having reached the end of the walk, turned to enter another, and passed before me. I had already drawn my scimitar, and, as the lover was next me, I struck him on the neck, and he fell. Believing that I he



killed him, I retired precipitately, without discovering myself to the queen.

As I traversed the garden to return to the palace, I heard the queen weeping bitterly, and, judging of her grief by her cries, I was not sorry I had left her alive. When I reached my chamber I went again to bed, and fell asleep. On waking next morning, I found the queen by my side; I cannot say whether she was asleep or feigned it, but I got up without disturbing her, and retired to my closet, where I finished dressing. I afterwards attended the council; and, on my return,

the queen, dressed in mourning, her hair dishevelled and torn, presented herself before me. "Sire," said she, "I come to entreat your majesty not to be displeased at the state in which you now see me. I have just received intelligence of three events, which occasion the grief I so strongly feel but can ill express."—"What are these events, madam?" I inquired. "The death of the queen, my beloved mother," replied she; "that of the king my father, who was killed in battle; and also of my brother, who fell down a precipice."

I was not sorry that she had invented this pretext to conceal the true cause of her affliction, and I imagined that she did not suspect me of having been the murderer of her lover. "Madam," said I, "I do not blame your sorrow; on the contrary, I assure you that I am not insensible to the cause. I should be much surprised if you were not affected by such a loss; weep, for your tears are an undoubted proof of the goodness of your heart; I hope, nevertheless, that time and reason will restore to you your wonted cheerfulness."

She retired to her apartment, where, abandoning herself to her grief, she passed a whole year in weeping and bewailing the death of her lover. At the expiration of that time she requested my permission to build a mausoleum for herself in the centre of the

palace, where she said she wished to pass the remainder of her days. I did not refuse her, and she erected a magnificent palace with a dome, which may be seen from hence, and she called it the Palace of Tears.

When it was finished, she had her lover removed from the place whither she had transported him on the night I wounded him, and brought to this mausoleum. She had till that period preserved his life, if it could be so called, which was neither life nor death, by giving him certain potions, which she administered herself, and continued to give him daily after his removal to the Palace of Tears.

All her enchantments, however, did not avail, for he was not only unable to walk or stand, but had also lost the use of his speech, and gave no signs of life but by looks. Although the queen had only the consolation of seeing him and saying to him all the tender things that her love inspired, yet she constantly paid him two long visits every day. I was well acquainted with this circumstance, but I pretended to be ignorant of it.

Excited by curiosity, I went one day to the Palace of Tears, and concealed myself in a place where I could see and hear what passed. I listened for some time to the tender things which she said to her lover; till at last, losing patience, I came out of my place of concealment, and approaching her, "Madam," said I,

"you have wept enough; it is now time to have done with a grief which dishonours us both; you forget what you owe to me, as well as what you owe to yourself."—"Sire," replied she, "if you still retain any regard for me, I entreat you to leave me to my sorrows, which time can neither diminish nor relieve."

I endeavoured, but in vain, to bring her to a sense of her duty, and, finding that all my arguments only increased her obstinacy, I at last desisted and left her. She continued to visit her lover every day, and for two years she was inconsolable.

I went a second time to the Palace of Tears while she was there. I hid myself as before, and heard her speak in a manner still more tender than before.

I avow to you, my lord, that I was enraged at her words; for, in truth, this cherished lover, this adored mortal, was not at all what you would imagine. He was a black Indian, one of the original inhabitants of this country. I was, as I have said, so enraged at this speech, that I suddenly showed myself, and, addressing myself in a strain similar to what I had just heard from her lips, I said, "Why dost thou not, O tomb, swallow up this monster, who is even disgusting to human nature? or rather why dost thou not consume both the lover and the mistress?"

I had hardly finished these words, when the queen, who was seated near the black, started up like a fury.

"Ah, wretch!" she exclaimed, "it is you who have been the cause of my grief—think not that I am ignorant of it. I have already dissembled too long. It was your barbarous hand which reduced the object of my affection to the miserable state he is now in. And you have the cruelty to come and insult my despair." —"Yes," cried I, interrupting her, and transported with anger, "I have chastised the monster as he deserved, and I ought to treat thee in the same manner. I repent that I have not already done so, for thou hast too long abused my goodness." Saying this, I drew my scimitar and raised my arm to punish her. "Moderate thy rage," said she to me with a disdainful smile; then, regarding my motions with a tranquil air, and at the same instant pronouncing some words which I did not understand, she added, "By virtue of my enchantments, I command thee from this moment to become half marble and half man." Immediately, my lord, I was changed to what you see me; already dead among the living, and living among the dead.

As soon as this cruel enchantress had thus transformed me, she destroyed my capital, which was both flourishing and well inhabited; she annihilated the palaces, public places, and markets; turned the site of the whole city into a lake, and, as you may perceive rendered the neighbouring country desolate. The fo



sorts of fish which are in the lake are four different classes of inhabitants who dwelt in the capital, and who professed different religions. The white were Mussulmans; the red, Persians, who worship fire; the blue, Christians; and the yellow, Jews; the four little *hills were* four islands; whence the name of the king-*dom originated*. I was informed of all this by the

enchantress, who herself related the effects of her rage. Nor was even this all; she did not confine her fury to the destruction of my empire and to my enchantment, for she comes every day and gives me a hundred blows with a thong, made of a bull's hide, upon my shoulders, from whence she draws blood at every stroke. As soon as she has finished this punishment, she covers me with a thick stuff, made of goat's hair; and puts a robe of rich brocade over it, not for the sake of honouring, but of mocking me.

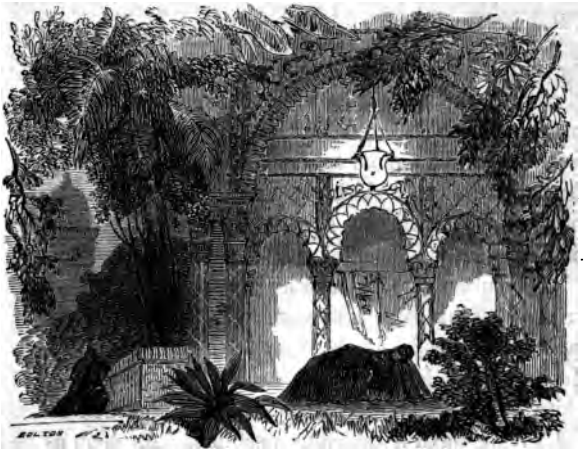
At this part of his history the young king of the Black Isles could not refrain from tears.

"Inform me," cried the sultan, affected by the recital of so strange a story, and eager to revenge his injuries, "inform me where this perfidious enchantress resides, and where also is her infamous lover, whom she has entombed before his death."—"My lord," replied the prince, "her lover is in the Palace of Tears, in a tomb formed like a dome. I cannot tell you whither the enchantress has retired; but she visits him every day at sunrise, after having inflicted on me the punishment I mentioned."

The sultan, having informed the prince who he was, and the reason of his entering the castle, consulted with him on the best means of affording him a just revenge; *and a plan occurred to* the sultan which he direct*ly communicated. They* then agreed upon the steps

was necessary to take in order to ensure success; but they deferred the execution of the plan till the following day. In the meantime, as the night was far advanced, the sultan took some repose. The young prince, as usual, passed his time in continual watchfulness, for he was unable to sleep since his enchantment; the hopes, however slight, which he cherished of being soon relieved from his sufferings, constantly occupied his thoughts.

The sultan rose as soon as it was day; and having stripped off his robe and external dress, which might have encumbered him, he went to the Palace of Tears. He found it illuminated by a multitude of torches of white wax issuing from various beautiful golden vases, and giving forth a delicious perfume. As soon as he perceived the black he drew his sabre, and destroyed without resistance the little remains of life in this wretch. He then dragged the body into the court of the castle and threw it into a well. Having done this, he returned and lay down in the black's place, hiding his sabre under the covering, and remained there in order to complete what he projected. The enchantress arrived soon after; her first business was to go into the apartment where the king of the Black Isles, her husband, was. She directly stripped him, and began to inflict upon his shoulders the accustomed number of blows. The poor prince filled the whole building with



his cries, and conjured her in the most pathetic manner to have pity on him: the wretch, however, ceased not to beat him till she had completed the hundred. "Thou hadst no compassion on my lover," said she; "expect, therefore, none from me." As soon as she had finished she went to the Palace of Tears; and, on entering, began to renew her lamentations. When she approached the couch where she fancied her lover still was, she addressed him in her usual terms of endearment. She exclaimed, "Are you resolved, light of my life, to let me die without the consolation of hearing you again declare

you love me? Utter at least one word, I conjure you." The sultan, pretending to awake from a profound sleep, and imitating the language of the blacks, answered the queen in a solemn tone, "There is no strength or power but in Allah alone, who is all-powerful." At these words the enchantress, to whom they were unexpected, gave a violent scream through excess of joy. "My dear," she exclaimed, "do my senses deceive me: is what I hear true? Is it really you who speak?" "Wretched woman," replied the sultan, "are you worthy of an answer?"—"What!" cried the queen, "do you reproach me?"—"The cries, the tears, the groans of thy husband," answered the supposed black, "whom you every day beat with so much barbarity, continually prevent my rest: I should have been cured long since, and have recovered the use of my tongue, if you had disenchanted him. This, and this only, is the cause of my silence, of which you so severely complain." —"Well, then," said the enchantress, "to satisfy you, I am ready to do what you command: do you wish him to resume his first form?"—"Yes," replied the sultan; "and hasten to set him free, that I may no longer be disturbed by his cries."

The queen immediately went out from the Palace of Tears; and, taking a vessel of water, she pronounced over it some words, which caused it instantly to boil as if it had been placed on a fire. She then proceeded to

the apartment where the young king was, and poured it over him, uttering a few words. She had hardly concluded when the prince recovered his first shape. "Go," said the enchantress, addressing him, "hasten from this castle, and seek not to return, lest it should cost you your life." The young king yielded to necessity, and left her without replying a word. He concealed himself in the neighbourhood, where he impatiently awaited the completion of the sultan's design, the commencement of which had been so successful.

The enchantress then returned to the Palace of Tears; and, on entering, said to him whom she supposed to be the black, "I have done, my love, what you ordered me; nothing, therefore, now prevents your recovery." The sultan, still imitating the language of the blacks, answered in rather a sharp tone: "What you have yet done is not sufficient for my cure. You have destroyed only a part of the evil; but you must strike at the root."—"What do you mean by the root, my beloved?" inquired she. "What can I mean," he cried, "but the city and its inhabitants, with the four isles, which you have destroyed by your magic? Every evening, toward midnight, the fish constantly raise their heads out of the lake, and call for vengeance against us both. This is the real cause of the dela- *of my recovery. Go* quickly and re-establish ever *thing in its former state,* and on your return I

give you my hand, and you shall assist me in my rising."

The queen, exulting in the expectations these words produced, joyfully exclaimed, "You shall soon, then, my life, recover your health; for I will instantly go and do what you have commanded." In fact, she went the very next moment; and, when she arrived on the border of the lake, she took a little water in her hand, and scattered it about. She had no sooner done so, and pronounced certain words over the fish and the lake, than the city instantly appeared. The fish became men, women, and children; Mahometans, Christians, Persians, and Jews; freemen or slaves: in short, each took his natural form. The houses and shops became filled with inhabitants, who found everything in the same situation and order in which they were previous to the change. The officers and attendants of the sultan, who were very numerous, and who were encamped directly where the great place or square happened to be, were astonished at finding themselves on a sudden in the midst of a large, well-built, and inhabited city.

The enchantress now hastened back to the Palace of Tears, to enjoy the reward of her labours. "My dear lord," she cried on entering, "I am returned to partici-*pate in the* pleasure of your renewed health, for I have *done all* you required of me; arise, and give me your

hand."—"Come near, then," said the sultan, still imitating the manner of the blacks. She did so. "Nearer still," he cried. She obeyed. Then, raising himself up, he seized her so suddenly by the arm, that she had no opportunity of recognising who it was, and



with one stroke of his sabre he separated her body in two. Having done this, he went to seek for the prince of the Black Isles, who waited for him with the greatest impatience. "Rejoice, prince," said he, embracing him, "you have nothing more to fear; for your cruel *enemy no* longer exists."

The young prince thanked the sultan in a way which proved that his heart was truly penetrated with gratitude; wishing him a long life, and the greatest prosperity. "May you also live happily and at peace in your capital," replied the sultan to him; "and, should you hereafter have a wish to visit mine, which is so near, I shall receive you with the truest pleasure; and you shall be as highly honoured and respected as in your own."—"Powerful monarch," answered the prince, "to whom I am so much indebted, do you think you are very near your capital?"—"Certainly," replied the sultan, "I think so; at least that I am not more than four or five hours' journey."—"It is a whole year's journey," added the prince; "although I believe you might come here in the time you mention, because mine was enchanted: but, since it is no longer so, things are changed. This, however, shall not prevent my following you, were it necessary, to the very extremity of the earth. You are my liberator! and, to show you every mark of my gratitude, as long as I live I shall freely accompany you, and resign my kingdom without regret."

The sultan was extremely surprised to find that he was so distant from his dominions, and could not comprehend how it happened; but the young king of the Black Isles convinced him so fully of the possibility that he no longer doubted it. "It matters not, then,"

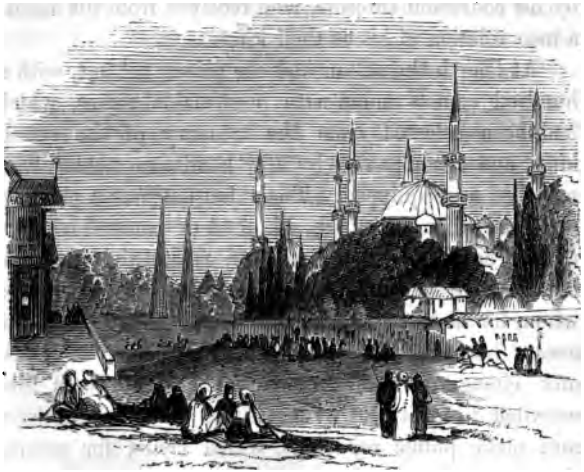
resumed the sultan; "the trouble of returning to my dominions will be sufficiently recompensed by the satisfaction arising from having assisted you, and from having acquired a son in you; for, as you will do me the honour to accompany me, I shall look upon you as such; and, having no children of my own, I from this moment make you my heir and successor." The interview between the sultan and the king of the Black Isles was terminated by the most affectionate embraces; after which the young prince prepared for his journey. In three weeks he was ready to depart, greatly regretted



by his court and subjects, who received from his hands a near relation of his as their king.

At length the sultan and the prince set out, with a hundred camels laden with inestimable riches, which had been selected from the treasury of the young king, and accompanied by fifty handsome nobles, well mounted and equipped. Their journey was a pleasant one; and when the sultan, who had despatched couriers to give notice of his arrival, and relate the reason of his delay, drew near to his capital, the principal officers whom he had left there came to receive him, and to assure him that his long absence had not occasioned any change in his empire. The inhabitants also crowded to meet and welcome him with acclamations, and made public rejoicings, which lasted for several days.

The fisherman, as he had been the first cause of the deliverance of the young king, was overwhelmed by the sultan with rewards, which made him and his family rich and happy for the rest of their days.



THE SLEEPER AWAKENED.

In the reign of Caliph Haroun Alraschid there lived in the city of Bagdad a merchant, who, though he was very rich, was yet of such a frugal disposition that he brought up his only son, Abou Hassan, in the most *humble manner,* never allowing him to have more *money than what* was just barely sufficient for his *subsistence.* When Abou Hassan was about thirty

years of age his father died, leaving him heir to his immense riches.

No sooner was he master of so much wealth than he resolved to indulge himself in all the luxuries which his father's frugality had denied him. He divided his ample fortune into two parts: one half of it he laid out in the purchase of an estate, and resolved never to touch the income, but to allow it to accumulate. The other half of his patrimony he proposed to spend freely, and to deny himself no indulgence; and thus to make amends for the restraints of his former life. His liberality soon drew around him plenty of companions; and their whole thoughts seemed to be how to make the time pass away most pleasantly. Every day Abou Hassan gave a splendid entertainment, at which the choicest viands and the most expensive wines were unsparingly supplied. Bands of music lent their charms to the entertainments, and the amusements of the day were generally closed by a magnificent ball, to which were invited all the best professional dancers in Bagdad.

Great as were the riches which Abou Hassan's father had bequeathed him, he soon found that they were insufficient to meet all this extravagance. To his great mortification, he discovered that the treasure which he had set apart for this purpose was exhausted. He was *therefore* obliged to discontinue his feasts; and no

sooner did he do so than the friends which his profuse liberality had drawn around him began to look coldly on him; and in a very short time, if he met any of them when he happened to be walking abroad, they avoided him by turning off some other way; and, when he would have stopped them, they always excused themselves on some pretence or other.



Such behaviour stung Abou Hassan to the quick. *As he sat one day musing* on the ungrateful conduct of

those who used to be loudest in their protestations of friendship and attachment, his mother, observing the air of deep dejection and melancholy which overspread his countenance, approached and inquired the cause. "I know," she said, "that you have lived very extravagantly, and that your money is now all spent; but, as you have still a good estate, I do not see why you should plunge yourself into such profound grief." "Ah, mother," replied Abou Hassan, melting into tears, "I now see how insupportable poverty is. You know how I have entertained my friends, and it grieves me to the heart to find myself thus treated. I am resolved, however, to give them one more trial. I will go to them, and tell them of my necessity, and beg for their assistance; and if they refuse it I will renounce them for ever!"

Abou Hassan's mother, who knew the ways of the world better than her son did, told him that it was of no use to give himself any further trouble; but he resolved to make the experiment nevertheless. He accordingly went to his friends, and, telling them of his present necessity, requested their assistance, promising faithfully to repay them the sums which he wished to borrow. It was all in vain; not one of them would advance a single shilling, and some of them *looked upon him* as coldly as if they had never seen *him before.*



Stung with mortification and rage, Abou Hassan returned home, and, having given vent to his feelings, made a resolution never again to speak to one of them. He then went to the chest in which he had deposited the rents of his estate, and, taking out what was just sufficient for the entertainment of a single guest, resolved in future to confine himself to this sum, and thus to avoid the suffering which he found he should have to undergo if he acted as foolishly with this par of his fortune as he had done with the other.

So enraged was Abou Hassan at the conduct of

false friends, that he resolved to renounce all intercourse with the inhabitants of Bagdad. He accordingly repaired at the close of the day to the chief entrance into the city, and, seating himself on the bridge, waited the approach of a stranger, and invited him to sup with



him; and, telling him of his resolution never to entertain the same person twice, or even to recognise him should they happen to meet, he set before him a plain and neat repast, and plenty of good wine, and, after they had enjoyed themselves till the night was pretty far advanced, he conducted him to the apartment which was prepared for his guest, and in the morning dismissed him, once more reminding him of the conditions *which he had* laid down on the preceding evening.

It happened that, when Abou Hassan had continued this practice for some time, one evening as he was sitting on the bridge as usual he saw a stranger approach, and hastened to address him. Now, this stranger was no other than the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, who, according to his usual custom, was perambulating the city in disguise to see that his officers administered justice impartially. The caliph was on this occasion dressed as a Mossoul merchant, and was followed by a single attendant. He at once accepted Abou Hassan's invitation, and they proceeded to his abode.

After having delighted his guest with some delicious music, and acquainted him with his resolution to entertain him for one night only, Abou Hassan commanded the repast to be set before them. When they had satisfied their appetite, Abou Hassan placed before his guest somechoice old wine, and, filling a bumper, pledged his health. The caliph was mightily amused at all this, and, filling also a bumper, they continued carousing and making merry till midnight.

The caliph, who had all the while maintained th haracter of a Mossoul merchant, now told his ho that it was his time to retire; and, telling him he *much he had* been delighted with his entertainme *begged that, as he might* perhaps be gone in the m *ing before Abou* Hassan was stirring, he would n



him what he could do to serve him. "If there is any matter in which I could be of use to you," continued the caliph, "I should be delighted; for, though I am only a merchant, it may be in my power, or in the power of some of my friends, to be of service to you." "Thank you, friend," answered Abou Hassan; "I am obliged by your kindness, and nothing would give me more pleasure than to take advantage of your offer, which I am sure is not made out of mere compliment; but I assure you there is nothing that I desire which I do not already possess. There is but one thing that annoys me. In our neighbourhood there is a mosque, to which

belong an Imaum and four Sheikhs, who are the greatest hypocrites in the world, and seem to have no greater pleasure than to annoy their neighbours. Whenever they hear the sound of music or merrymaking proceeding from my house, they complain to the police against me, and I am fined and exposed to continual annoyance. Would that I were caliph but for one day, I would soon put an end to their officiousness!"

The caliph was exceedingly tickled at the idea of Abou Hassan assuming his authority, and the use he would make of it, and as it was now late prepared to retire. As there was still a little wine in the bottle, however, Abou Hassan begged he would remain till it was finished. "As you say that you will set out early in the morning," said he to the caliph, "I have one favour to beg of you, and that is, that you will shut the door carefully behind you." This the caliph promised faithfully to perform, and, taking the bottle and filling Abou Hassan's glass, he contrived at the same time very artfully to put into it a little powder which he always carried about with him. Abou Hassan had no sooner swallowed the dose than he began to nod, and speedily he fell into a profound slumber.

This was just what the caliph wanted; so, telling his attendant to place Abou Hassan on a mule, he directed him to carry him to the palace. When they arrived *the caliph* caused Abou Hassan to be undressed, and

put into his own bed; and, calling together his chief counsellors and the officers and ladies of the palace, told them that he wished all those whose duty it was to attend his levée in the morning to treat Abou Hassan as if he were the true Commander of the Faithful, and to obey him in whatever he should command. In short, that he should expect that they would look upon him as the true caliph, and not neglect the least circumstance. He also sent for Giafar, his grand-vizier, and told him to obey Abou Hassan's commands, even should his liberality extend so far as to empty every coffer in his treasury. Having put everything in proper train, the caliph then went to sleep, giving orders that he should be called in proper time to see how Abou Hassan behaved himself when he awoke in the morning.

In the morning, when Abou Hassan awoke, he was surprised to find himself in a stately room magnificently furnished, the ceiling of which was finely painted and the floor covered with rich silk tapestry, and surrounded by female slaves of enchanting beauty, and by black eunuchs richly dressed, all standing, ranged in the humblest posture. As he cast his eyes upon the coverlet of the bed, he saw it was a beautiful crimson and gold brocade, ornamented with pearls and diamonds; and at the bedside there was a dress of the same materials, and equally rich; and near it, on a cushion, a caliph's cap.

At the sight of these splendid objects, Abou Hassan was inexpressibly astonished and confounded. He at first looked upon the whole as a dream. "Well," said he to himself, "I am caliph then; but," added he, a little after, on recovering himself, "I must not deceive myself; it is a dream, merely an effect of the wish I formed in conversation with my guest." So he shut his eyes again, as if he intended to go to sleep.

One of the black eunuchs now approached. "Commander of the Faithful," said he, "your Majesty will be pleased not to sleep again. It is time to rise for early prayer: the day begins to dawn." Abou Hassan, very much astonished at what he heard, said again to himself, "Am I awake, or do I sleep? No, I am certainly asleep," continued he, keeping his eyes still closed; "I must not doubt it."

"Commander of the Faithful," resumed the eunuch, seeing that he gave no answer, nor showed any signs of intending to rise, "your majesty will allow me to repeat that it is time to get up, unless your majesty means to disregard the hour of morning prayer, which you are accustomed to attend; and the sun is on the point of rising."

"I deceive myself," said Abou Hassan, immediately. "I am not asleep, I am awake; they who sleep never hear anything; and I certainly hear that I am spoke *to*." He opened his eyes again; it was now dayligh

and he saw distinctly what he had before seen only imperfectly, and sat up in his bed in the greatest astonishment at finding himself in a situation so very far above his rank. The caliph, who watched him without



being himself seen, observed what was passing in his mind with great satisfaction.

Then the young women of the palace bowed before Abou Hassan with their faces toward the ground, and such of them as had instruments of music saluted him with a concert of soft-toned flutes, hautboys, lutes, and various other instruments; this so enchanted him, and

raised him to such an excess of delight, that he knew not where he was, and was quite beside himself. He recurred, nevertheless, to his first thought, and again doubted whether what he saw and heard was a dream or a reality. He covered his eyes with his hands, and lowering his head, "What does all this mean?" he repeated to himself; "Where am I? what has happened to me? what is this palace? what mean these eunuchs —these officers—these damsels so beautiful, and that music, so enchanting? Is it possible that I should not be able to distinguish whether I am dreaming, or whether I have all my senses about me?" At last he took his hands from his face, and, opening his eyes, he saw the sun darting his first rays through the window.

At this moment, Mesrour, the chief of the eunuchs, came in, bowed with his face to the ground, and, as he raised himself, said, "Commander of the Faithful, your majesty will permit me to represent that you have not been accustomed to rise so late, and that you have suffered the hour of morning prayer to pass unnoticed. Unless your majesty is indisposed, you will now be pleased to ascend your throne, to hold your council, as usual. The generals of your armies, the governors of your provinces, and the other great officers of your court, only wait the moment when the door of the council-chamber shall be opened."

At this address of Mesrour, Abou Hassan felt almost persuaded that he was not asleep, and that it was not

a dream. He was much perplexed at the uncertainty in which he was, and what part he should take. At length he fixed his eyes upon Mesrour, and, in a serious tone, demanded of him: "Whom are you addressing? Who is it that you call Commander of the Faithful? you, of whom I know nothing, you must certainly take me for some other person."

Any other than Mesrour would have been disconcerted at Abou Hassan's questions; but, instructed by the caliph, he played his part to admiration. "My most honoured lord and master," cried he, "your majesty surely talks thus to me to-day in order to try me. Is not your majesty the Commander of the Faithful and the monarch of the world? Your poor slave, Mesrour, has not forgotten all this, after so many years that he has had the honour and happiness of paying his duty and services to your majesty. He would think himself the most miserable of men if he were to lose your good opinion. He most humbly entreats your majesty to have the goodness to restore him to your favour again."

On hearing this, Abou Hassan burst into such a violent fit of laughter that he fell back on his pillow, to the great amusement of the caliph, who would have laughed as loud, but for the fear of putting an end to the pleasant scene, just as it was beginning.

After having laughed a long time, Abou Hassan sat up again, and addressing a little eunuch, who stood

beside his bed, "Hark ye," said he, "tell me who I am."—"Sire," said the little eunuch, in a very humble manner, "your majesty is Commander of the Faithful, and vicar upon earth of the master of both worlds."—"Thou liest, little black face!" replied Abou Hassan.

He then called one of the female slaves, who was nearer to him than the rest. "Come hither, my beauty," said he, as he held out his hand towards her;



"bite the end of my finger, that I may feel whether I *am asleep* or awake."

The damsel advanced towards Abou Hassan with the

most serious air imaginable, and closed her teeth on the end of his finger.

"I am not asleep," said Abou Hassan, quickly withdrawing his hand, "I am most assuredly not asleep. By what miracle is it, then, that in one night I am become caliph? This is the most surprising thing in the world." Speaking again to the same damsel, "Now," said he, "I beseech you, tell me exactly the truth; am I really and truly Commander of the Faithful?"—"Your majesty," replied she, "is, in truth, so actually Commander of the Faithful, that we, who are your slaves, are amazed to think what can make your majesty suppose you are not so."—"You lie!" replied Abou Hassan; "I know very well what I am."

The principal eunuch, perceiving that Abou Hassan meant to rise, offered his hand to assist him in getting out of bed. As soon as he was upon his feet, the whole chamber resounded with the acclamation, "Commander of the Faithful, in the name of Allah, good morning to your majesty!"

"Oh, Heavens!" cried Abou Hassan, "what a miracle! last night was I Abou Hassan, and this morning I am the Commander of the Faithful; I cannot comprehend this very sudden and surprising change." The officers whose business it was speedily *dressed him,* and conducted him to the council-chamber, *to ascend the* throne.

In the meantime, the caliph, who quitted the closet in which he had been concealed at the moment Abou Hassan entered the council-chamber, passed to another closet which overlooked this chamber, and whence he could see and hear everything that took place.

As soon as Abou Hassan had taken his seat, the grand-vizier prostrated himself at the foot of the throne, and addressed him as "Commander of the Faithful," and invoked blessings on his head and confusion to his enemies.

After all that had happened to him since he awoke, and what he had just heard from the mouth of the grand-vizier, Abou Hassan no longer doubted of his being the caliph. So, without inquiring any farther by what means so unexpected a change of fortune had taken place, he immediately began to exercise his power. Looking at the grand-vizier with gravity, he asked him whether he had anything to say to him.

The grand-vizier then commenced his report of various matters. He had scarcely done so when Abou Hassan perceived the officer of the police, whom he knew by sight, sitting in his place. "Stay a moment," said he, interrupting the grand-vizier, "I have an order of importance to give immediately to the officer of the police."

This officer, who had his eyes fixed upon Abou *Hassan, and who* perceived that he looked at him in *particular, hearing* his name mentioned, rose immediately

from his place, and gravely approached the throne, at the foot of which he prostrated himself with his face toward the ground. "Officer," said Abou Hassan to him, when he had raised himself, "go this moment, without loss of time, into a street in a particular part of the town," both of which he named to him. "In this street is a mosque, where you will find the Imaum and four old greybeards; seize their persons, and let the four old men have each a hundred lashes, and let the Imaum have four hundred. After that you shall cause all the five to be clothed in rags, and mounted



each on a camel, with their faces turned toward the tail. Thus equipped, you shall have them led through the different quarters of the town, preceded by a crier, *who shall* proclaim with a loud voice, 'This is the

punishment for those who meddle with affairs which do not belong to them, and who make it their business to sow dissensions among neighbours!' Moreover, you must enjoin them to leave the part of the town in which they now live, and forbid them ever to set foot in it again."

The grand-vizier, in the meantime, went on with his report; and he had very nearly ended when the officer of the police, on his return, presented himself to give an account of his mission. He approached the throne, and, after the usual ceremony of prostration, "Commander of the Faithful," said he to Abou Hassan, "I have found the Imaum, and the four old men in the mosque, which your majesty pointed out; and, to prove that I have duly executed the orders I received from your majesty, this is an account of the proceeding, signed by many principal people of that part of the town, who were witnesses." At the same time he took from his bosom a paper, and handed it to the new caliph.

Abou Hassan took the paper, read it throughout, even to the names of the witnesses, all of them people whom he knew; and when he had finished, "That is well done," said he to the officer of the police, smiling. "I am satisfied, and pleased; resume your place. *Hypocrites,*" said he to himself, with an air of satisfaction, "*who undertake* to comment upon my actions, *and think it wrong* that I should receive and entertain

respectable people at my house, richly deserve this disgrace and punishment."

Abou Hassan then addressed the grand-vizier: "Let the grand-treasurer," said he, "make up a purse of a thousand pieces of gold, and go with it into the quarter of the city where I sent the officer of the police, and give it to the mother of one Abou Hassan, called the Wag. The man is well known throughout the quarter by that name; anybody will show you his house. Go, and return quickly."

The grand-vizier, Giafar, put his hand on his head, to mark his readiness to obey; and, after having prostrated himself before the throne, departed, and went to the grand-treasurer, who gave him the purse. He



ordered one of the slaves who attended him to take it, who proceeded to convey it to Abou Hassan's mother. He found her, and said the caliph had sent her this present, without explaining himself any farther. She was much surprised at receiving it, as she was ignorant of what was passing at the palace, and could not conceive what could induce the caliph to make her so handsome a present.

When the council was ended, Mesrour, having dismissed the attendants, conducted Abou Hassan into an inner room, where a table was set out. The door of the apartment was open, and a great many eunuchs ran to tell the female musicians that the caliph was coming. They immediately began a very harmonious concert of vocal and instrumental music, which delighted Abou Hassan to such a degree that he felt himself in a transport of satisfaction and joy, and was quite at a loss what to think of all he saw and heard. "If it be a dream," said he to himself, "it is a dream of a long continuance. But it cannot be a dream," continued he. "I am perfectly sensible: I make use of my understanding; I see, I walk, I hear. Still I cannot possibly believe that I am not the Commander of the Faithful; there is but one Commander of the Faithful who can be surrounded with so much magnificence as I am. The honours and respect which have been and are still paid *to me, the orders I have* given, and which are executed, *are clear proofs of it.*"

Abou Hassan was at last convinced that he was the caliph and the Commander of the Faithful; and he was fully persuaded of it when he found himself in a very large and richly-furnished saloon. Gold, intermixed with the most vivid colours, shone on all sides. Seven bands of female musicians, all of the most exquisite beauty, were placed around this saloon. Seven golden lustres, with as many branches, hung from different parts of the ceiling, on which a skilful mixture of gold and azure had a wonderful effect. In the midst was a table spread with seven large dishes of massive gold, which perfumed the room with the odour of the richest spices used in seasoning the several delicacies. Seven young and most beautiful female slaves, dressed in habits of the richest stuffs and most brilliant colours, stood round the table. Each held a fan in her hand, which was for the purpose of refreshing him while he sat at table.

If ever mortal were delighted, it was Abou Hassan when he entered this magnificent saloon. At every step, he paused to look about him, and contemplate the wonderful things which were presented to his view. He was every moment turning himself from side to side; to the high delight of the caliph, who watched him with the utmost attention. At length he walked forward towards the middle of the room, and placed *himself at the* table. Immediately, the seven beautiful *damsels all* at once agitated the air with their fans t

refresh the new caliph. He looked at them all in succession, and, after admiring the graceful ease with which they performed their office, he said to them, with a gracious smile, that one of them at a time was sufficient to give him all the air he wanted; and that he requested the other six should place themselves at the table with him, three on his right hand and three on his left, and give him their company.

The six damsels obeyed, and placed themselves round the table. But Abou Hassan perceived that out of respect to him they did not eat; this induced him to help them himself, inviting and pressing them to eat in the most obliging manner. He desired to know their names, and each, in turn, satisfied his curiosity. Their names were "Neck of Alabaster," "Lip of Coral," "Fair as Moonlight," "Bright as Sunshine," "Eye's Desire," and "Heart's Delight." He put the same question to the seventh, who held the fan, and she answered that her name was "Sugar Cane." The agreeable things he said to each of them on the subject of their names showed that he had abundance of wit, and served to raise him in the esteem of the caliph.

When the damsels saw that Abou Hassan had ceased eating, "The Commander of the Faithful," said one of them to the eunuchs who were in waiting, "is desirous to walk into the saloon, where the dessert is prepared."

Mesrour then conducted him to a second saloon,

equally richly furnished, though in a different style, in which were also seven bands of female musicians. Thence he was ushered into another apartment, in which were all sorts of rich wines. In each of these apartments were female slaves of most exquisite beauty. When he had regaled himself for some time, one of the damsels, named "Cluster of Pearls," dropped into his glass a little of the powder with which she had been



furnished by the caliph; and no sooner had Abou Hassan swallowed it than his eyes closed, and his head fell quite upon the table, like a man thoroughly over-

come with sleep. The caliph now came out of his closet, quite delighted at having succeeded so well in his design. He first ordered that the caliph's dress should be taken from Abou Hassan, and that he should be clothed in that which he had worn twenty-four hours before. The same attendant who had brought Abou Hassan to the palace was then called, and directed to



take him back to his own bed, to be careful to make no noise, and on coming out of the house to be sure that he left the door open.

The slave took Abou Hassan, carried him off by the secret door of the palace, placed him in his own house as the caliph had ordered him, and returned, with haste, to give an account of what he had done.

Abou Hassan slept till a late hour next day. When he opened his eyes, he was very much surprised to find himself in his own house. "Fair as Moonlight!" "Cluster of Pearls!" cried he, "Break of Day!" "Coral Lips!" Moonshine!" calling the damsels of the palace, who had been sitting with him each by her name, as he could recollect them, "where are you? Come near me!"

Abou Hassan called as loud as he could. His mother, who heard him from her apartment, ran to him at the noise he made. "What's the matter with you, my son?" she asked. "What has befallen you?" At these words, Abou Hassan raised his head, and looking at his mother with an hair of haughtiness and disdain, "Good woman," asked he in his turn, "who is the person you call your son?" "It is yourself," replied the mother, with much tenderness; "are not you my son, Abou Hassan? It would be the most extraordinary thing in the world if you should have forgotten this." "I your son, old woman!" returned Abou Hassan; "you know not what you are saying. I am not the Abou Hassan you speak of, I am the Commander of the Faithful."

"Peace, my son," rejoined his mother, "you do not consider what you say; to hear you talk, one would take you for a madman." "You are yourself mad, old woman," replied Abou Hassan; "I am not out of my senses, as you suppose. I tell you again, I am

Commander of the Faithful." "Ah! my son!" cried the mother, "is it possible that I am now hearing you utter words which clearly prove that you are not in your right mind? What evil genie possesses you to hold such a language? God's blessing be upon you, and may he deliver you from the malice of Satan! you are my son, Abou Hassan, and I am your mother."

After having given him all the proofs she could think of, to convince him of his error in order to bring him to himself, "Do you not see," she went on, "that the chamber you are now in is your own, and not the chamber of a palace, fit for the Commander of the Faithful; and that, living constantly with me, you have never left it since you were born? Reflect upon all I have been saying to you, and do not take into your head things that neither are nor can be as you suppose."

Abou Hassan heard with composure these remonstrances of his mother, and with his eyes cast down, and resting his head upon his hand, like a man who was recollecting himself, in order to examine into the truth of what he saw and heard, "I believe you are right," said he to his mother, a few moments after, as if he had been awakened from a deep sleep, but without altering his posture. "It seems," said he, "that I am Abou Hassan, that you are my mother, and that I am in my own chamber. Once more," added he, throwing his eyes around, and upon everything that came in his

view, "I am Abou Hassan—I cannot doubt it; nor can I conceive how I could take this fancy into my head."

His mother thought in good earnest that her son was cured of the malady which disturbed his mind, and which she attributed to a dream. She was preparing to laugh with him, and question him about his dream, when, on a sudden, he sat up, and looking at her crossly, "Old sorceress!" said he, "thou knowest not what thou art saying; I am not thy son, nor art thou my mother. Thou deceivest thyself, and thou wishest to impose upon me. I tell thee I am Commander of the Faithful, and thou shalt not make me believe otherwise." "For Heaven's sake, my son, refrain from holding this sort of language, lest some mischief befal you; let us talk rather of something else; allow me to tell you what happened yesterday to the Imaum of our mosque, and to the four sheikhs of our neighbourhood. The officer of the police caused them to be apprehended, and after having given them each in turn, and in his presence, I know not how many lashes on the feet, he ordered it to be proclaimed by the crier that this was the punishment of those who meddled with affairs that did not concern them, and who made it their business to sow divisions among neighbours. He then caused them to be led throughout all parts of the town, with the same declaration, and forbade them ever to set foot again in our neighbourhood."

Abou Hassan's mother, who could not imagine her son had any concern in the adventure she was relating, had purposely turned the conversation, and supposed that the narrative of this affair would be a likely mode of doing away the whimsical impression under which she saw he laboured.

But it was quite otherwise, and the recital of this story, far from effacing the notion which he had entertained, that he was the Commander of the Faithful, served only to impress still more deeply on his imagination that it was not deception, but a real fact. From the moment Abou Hassan heard this story, "I am no longer your son, nor Abou Hassan," resumed he; "I am assuredly the Commander of the Faithful, and it is not possible for me to have any further doubt, after what you yourself have just told me. Know, then, that it was by my orders that the Imaum and the four sheikhs were punished in the manner you have told me. I am then, I tell you, in good truth, Commander of the Faithful; say therefore no longer that it is a dream. I am not now asleep, nor was I at the time I am telling you of. You afford me great satisfaction by confirming what the officer of the police, to whom I gave the orders, had already reported to me; that is to say, that my commands were punctually executed; and I am the more pleased, because this Imaum and these four sheikhs were consummate hypocrites. The truth is, *that* I am most assuredly Commander of the Faithful,

and all your reasons will never persuade me to the contrary."

His mother, who could not imagine why her son maintained, with so much obstinacy, and so much confidence, that he was the Commander of the Faithful, no longer doubted his having lost his understanding. Under this persuasion, "My son," said she, "I pray God to pity and have mercy upon you. Cease, my son, from talking a language so utterly devoid of common sense. What would be said to you, if you should be heard talking in this manner? Do you not know that walls have ears?"

These remonstrances, far from softening Abou Hassan's spirit, served only to irritate him still more. He inveighed against his mother with greater violence. "Old woman," said he, "I have already cautioned thee to be quiet. If thou continuest to talk any longer, I will rise, and treat thee in a manner thou wilt remember all the rest of thy life. I am the caliph, the Commander of the Faithful, and thou art bound to believe me when I tell thee so." The good woman then, who saw that Abou Hassan was wandering still farther and farther from his right mind, instead of returning to it, gave way to tears and lamentations; striking her face and bosom, she uttered exclamations which testified her deep sorrow at seeing her son in such a dreadful state.

Abou Hassan, instead of being softened and suffer-

ing himself to be affected by his mother's tears, on the contrary forgot himself so far as to lose all sort of natural respect for her. He rose suddenly, and, violently seizing a stick, he came towards her with his uplifted hand like a madman. "Old woman," said he, in his fury, and with a tone of voice sufficient to terrify any other than an affectionate mother, "tell me this moment who I am." "My son," answered his mother, looking most kindly at him, and far from being afraid, "I do not believe you so far abandoned as not to know the person who brought you into the world. I am honest in telling you that you are my son, Abou Hassan, and that you are quite wrong in taking to yourself a title which belongs only to the caliph Haroun Alraschid, your sovereign lord and mine, at a time when this monarch has been heaping his benefits upon both you and me, by the present he sent me yesterday. In fact, you must know that the grand-vizier, Giafar, took the trouble, yesterday, to find me out; and, putting into my hands a purse of a thousand pieces of gold, bade me pray for the Commander of the Faithful, who made me this present; and does not this liberality concern you more than me, who have but few days to live?"

At these last words, Abou Hassan lost all command over himself. "Old sorceress," cried he, "wilt thou not be convinced, when I tell thee that I am the person *who sent these* thousand pieces of gold by my grand-

vizier, Giafar, who did no more than execute the order which I gave him as Commander of the Faithful? Nevertheless, instead of believing me, thou art seeking to make me lose my senses by thy contradictions, maintaining, with so much obstinacy, that I am thy son. But I will not suffer thy wickedness to be long unpunished." Upon this, in the height of his frenzy, he was so unnatural as to strike her with the stick he held in his hand.



His poor mother, who had not supposed her son would put his threats into execution, began to cry out for help as loud as she could, till the neighbours were assembled, Abou Hassan calling out at every stroke, "Am I the Commander of the Faithful?" To which the mother always replied, "You are my son."

Abou Hassan's rage began to abate a little when the neighbours came into his chamber. The first that appeared threw himself immediately between his mother and him; and after having snatched the stick from his hand, "What are you doing, Abou Hassan," said he; "have you lost the fear of God, and your understanding? Never did a son dare to lift his hand against his mother! And are you not ashamed of yourself!"

Abou Hassan looked at the person who spoke without giving any answer. Then, turning his eyes wildly on each of those who came in, he demanded, "Who is this Abou Hassan you are speaking of? Is it to me you give this name?" This question somewhat disconcerted the neighbours. "How!" replied he who had just spoken, "do not you acknowledge this woman as your mother?"—"You are very impertinent," replied Abou Hassan; "I neither know her nor you. I am not Abou Hassan, I am the Commander of the Faithful; and if you are ignorant of it, I will make you know it to your cost."

At this speech the neighbours were all convinced that he had lost his senses. And, to prevent his behaving in the same outrageous manner towards others as he had done towards his mother, they seized him, and, in spite of his resistance, bound him hand and foot. Two of the company hastened immediately to the *hospital for lunatics*, to inform the keeper of what was

passing. He came directly, bringing with him chains, handcuffs, and a whip made with thongs.

Abou Hassan, who did not in the least expect such formidable preparations, made great efforts to free himself; but the keeper soon brought him to order, by two or three strokes of the whip well applied to his shoulders. This treatment had such effect upon Abou Hassan that they did with him what they pleased. They chained him, and put handcuffs and fetters on him, and carried him to the hospital for lunatics.



When Abou Hassan arrived at the hospital he was

shut up in an iron cage. But, before he was confined, the keeper, hardened by repeated and terrible inflictions of this sort, treated his back and shoulders most unmercifully with fifty strokes of his whip, and continued for more than three weeks to give him every day the same number, always repeating these same words: "Recover your senses, and tell me whether you are still Commander of the Faithful."—"I have no need of your correction," answered Abou Hassan; "I am no madman; but, if I could become so, nothing would be so likely to bring upon me such a misfortune as the blows you give me."

Abou Hassan's mother, in the meantime, came every day to see her son; and she could not refrain from tears when she observed him daily losing flesh, and heard his sighs and lamentations at the sufferings he endured. In fact, his shoulders, his back, and sides, were black and bruised; nor could he procure any rest whichever way he turned himself. His mother was desirous of conversing with him, in order to console him, and to endeavour to make out whether he continued uniformly in the same turn of mind on the subject of his pretended dignity of caliph and Commander of the Faithful. But, every time she opened her mouth to touch upon this point, he rejected what she said with such rage, that she was forced to give him up and quit the subject, inconsolable at seeing him *so obstinate in his* opinion.

By degrees the strong and lively ideas which were impressed upon the mind of Abou Hassan of having seen himself in the caliph's robes, and of having actually discharged the office of caliph, began insensibly to wear out of his mind. "If I were caliph and Commander of the Faithful," said he sometimes to himself, "why should I have found myself, after my sleep, at my own house, dressed again in my own clothes? Why should not I have seen myself surrounded by the chief eunuch, the other eunuchs, and the very large assembly of slaves? Why should the grand-vizier, Giafar, whom I have seen at my feet, so many emirs, so many governors of provinces, and so many other officers, by whom I have seen myself surrounded—why should they all have quitted me? All this has been only a dream, and I ought to have no difficulty in believing it. I have ordered, it is true, an officer of the police to punish the Imaum and the four sheikhs, his counsellors; and I have ordered the grand-vizier, Giafar, to carry to my mother a thousand pieces of gold; and my orders were obeyed. This makes me hesitate, and I cannot comprehend it."

Abou Hassan was still occupied with these thoughts, when his mother came in. She saw him so emaciated and so weak, that she shed tears more abundantly than she had ever yet done. In the midst of her sobs she addressed him in her usual manner, and Abou Hassan returned her salutation in a way he had never done



since his arrival at the hospital. She thought it a good omen. "Well, my son," said she, wiping away her tears, "how do you find yourself? In what state of mind are you? Have you given up all those fancies, and that language, which the evil spirit suggested to you?"—"My dear mother," answered Abou Hassan, with a settled and composed mind, and in a tone that marked the concern he felt for the violent manner in which he had behaved towards her, "I acknowledge my error, and I entreat you to forgive me. I have been deceived by a dream, but by a dream so extra-*ordinary, and so like* a reality, that I would engage any

other person to whom it should happen would be not less affected with it than I was, and would fall into greater extravagances, perhaps, than you have seen me commit. I am still so much disturbed at the moment I am speaking to you, that I have difficulty in persuading myself that what I have experienced is a dream, so much does it resemble what passes among those who are not asleep.

"Be this, however, as it may, I must allow it, and cannot but continue to think it, to be a dream or an illusion. I am even convinced that I am not that phantom of a caliph and Commander of the Faithful, but your son, Abou Hassan. That I am the son of you, whom I have always honoured till that fatal day, the recollection of which covers me with confusion; you, whom I now honour, and ever will honour in a manner worthy of me as long as I live."

"My son," cried Abou Hassan's mother, in a transport of joy, "I am not less delighted and happy to hear you talk so rationally, after what has passed, than if I had just now brought you into the world a second time. I must tell you my opinion of your adventure, and make you remark a circumstance to which, perhaps, you have paid no regard. The stranger whom you brought home to supper with you one night went away without shutting your chamber door after him; and that, I believe, gave an opportunity to the evil spirit to come in and throw

you into that dreadful illusion under which you have laboured."

"You have doubtless discovered the source of my misfortune," answered Abou Hassan; "and it was on that very night that I had the dream which has so turned my head. I am therefore, like you, persuaded that the devil found the door open, entered, and put all these imaginations into my head."

Abou Hassan's mother, perfectly comforted, and much affected at seeing her son entirely recovered from the mad fancy of being caliph, went immediately to find the keeper who had brought him, and who had till then the management of him; and, when she had assured him that he was perfectly restored to his reason, he came, examined him, and, while she was present, released him.

Abou Hassan returned home, and remained there many days, in order to recover his health. But as soon as he had a little regained his strength, and no longer felt the bad effects of the hard usage he had experienced during his confinement, he began to think it tiresome to pass his evenings without company. For this reason he soon returned to his usual way of life; that is to say, he began again to provide sufficiently every day to entertain a new guest at night.

The day on which he renewed his custom of going towards sunset to the foot of the bridge of Bagdad, in

order to stop the first stranger that should offer, and invite him to do him the honour of coming to sup at his house, was the first of the month, and the same day, as has already been mentioned, that the caliph amused himself with passing through one of the gates by which you enter the city in disguise, that he might himself see whether anything was done contrary to the established police.

Shortly after Abou Hassan had taken his seat on a bench made against the parapet, he saw the caliph coming towards him, disguised as at first, and accompanied by the same attendant. Persuaded that all the misery he had suffered arose from his guest's leaving the door open when he went away, he trembled at the sight of him. "Allah! preserve me!" said he to himself, "this, if I am not mistaken, is the very sorcerer who laid his spell upon me." He immediately turned his head and looked towards the river, that he might not see him as he passed by.

The caliph, who wished to carry on still farther the amusement he had derived from Abou Hassan, had taken great care to be informed of all that he had said and done the day after he awoke and had been carried back to his house, and of everything that had happened to him. He felt fresh pleasure at everything that was told him, and even enjoyed the ill-treatment which Abou Hassan underwent at the hospital for madmen. He had, therefore, chosen to come this way for the

purpose of once more introducing himself to Abou Hassan, and of again partaking of his hospitality. He perceived, then, from his turning away, how dissatisfied he was with him, and that he meant to avoid him. He therefore crossed over to the side of the bridge where Abou Hassan was, and went as near to him as possible. When he came up to him he stooped down and looked in his face. "It is you then, brother Abou Hassan," said he; "I salute you: suffer me, I beseech you, to embrace you."



Abou Hassan answered him bluntly, without even looking at him, "I want neither your salutation nor your embraces; go on your way."—"What," resumed the caliph, "don't you know me? Don't you recollect the evening we spent together, a month ago this day, at your house, where you did me the honour to enter-

tain me so hospitably?"—"No," replied Abou Hassan in the same tone of voice as before, "I don't know you, nor can I guess what you are talking of; go, I repeat, go about your business."

The caliph knew very well that one of the rules Abou Hassan had laid down for himself was to have no further acquaintance with a person whom he had once entertained; but he chose to pretend ignorance of it. "I cannot suppose but you must recollect me," resumed the caliph; "it is not a great while since we saw each other, and it is scarcely possible that you should have forgotten me. You must remember that I showed my gratitude by my good wishes; and that upon one point, which you held near your heart, I made an offer of my services, which are not to be slighted."—"I know not," replied Abou Hassan, "what may be your influence, nor am I desirous of putting it to the proof; this I know, that your wishes had only the effect of driving me mad. For God's sake, I say once again, go your way, and plague me no more."

"My good friend Abou Hassan," returned the caliph, again embracing him, "you treat me with a harshness I did not expect. Do me the favour to tell me what has befallen you,—I who have always wished you well, and who would be glad of an opportunity to do you a service, in order to make amends for any misfortune you may have suffered through me, if indeed it

has been by my fault." Abou Hassan gave way to the entreaty of the caliph. "Your earnestness and your want of belief in me," said he, "have been beyond my patience; what I shall tell you will let you know whether or not I complain of you without reason."

The caliph seated himself close to Abou Hassan, and he related to him all the adventures in which he had been engaged, from the time of his waking at the palace, to that of his discovering himself in his own chamber; telling everything as if it were really a dream. He then dwelt with exaggeration on the impression which this dream had left upon his mind of his being the caliph and Commander of the Faithful. "An impression," added he, "which led me into the wildest extravagances, so much that my neighbours were obliged to bind me, like a madman, and have me conveyed to the hospital for lunatics; where I was treated in a manner which must be called cruel, barbarous, and inhuman; but what will surprise you, and what, without doubt, you do not expect to be told, is, that whatever has befallen me has been through your fault. You must remember the earnest request I made you to shut the door of my chamber when you left me after supper. This you did not comply with; on the contrary, you left the door open, and the devil entered and filled my head with this dream, which, *agreeable* as it then appeared to me, has nevertheless

occasioned all the evils of which I have so much reason to complain."

Abou Hassan related all this to the caliph with much warmth and vehemence. The caliph knew better than he all that had passed, and was delighted at having succeeded so well in bringing him into that state of illusion in which he still saw him; but he could not hear this narrative detailed in so artless a manner without bursting into a fit of laughter.

Abou Hassan, who thought his story would excite compassion, and that all the world must think so too, was highly offended. "Are you bantering me," said he, "with thus laughing in my face, or do you think I am bantering you? Do you wish for actual proof of what I state? Look here, and then tell me if I am bantering." As he said this he bent himself forwards, and, stripping bare his breast and shoulders, he let the caliph see the scars and bruises occasioned by the strokes of the thong he had received.

The caliph was shocked at the sight. He felt compassion for poor Abou Hassan, and was extremely sorry the jest had been carried so far. He ceased laughing, and cordially embracing Abou Hassan, "Rise, my dear brother, I beseech you," said he, with a very serious air; "come, let us go to your house; I wish to have again the pleasure of enjoying myself with you this evening; to-morrow, if it please God, all will turn out in the best way possible."

Abou Hassan, notwithstanding his resolution not to entertain a stranger a second time, could not withstand the flattery of the caliph. "Well, I consent," said he, "but it is upon a condition which you shall engage by an oath to observe. It is this—that you do me the favour to shut the door when you leave my house, that the devil may not come to turn my brain, as he did before." The pretended merchant having passed his word, they rose, and walked towards the town. The caliph, the better to engage Abou Hassan, said to him, "Put confidence in me, and I promise you, as a man of honour, that I will not fail of my word. After this, you will not hesitate relying upon a person like me, who wishes you all sort of prosperity and happiness."

The day began to close as they reached Abou Hassan's house. He requested the caliph to take a place on the sofa, and he seated himself near him. In a short time supper was served. When they had finished, fruit and wine were placed on the table, and they were left to enjoy themselves.

When it began to get late, the caliph once more contrived to throw a little of the powder into Abou Hassan's glass. He had no sooner swallowed it than a deep sleep deprived him of his senses, as it had done twice before, and the caliph was again enabled to do with him as he pleased. He immediately ordered the slave that attended him to take Abou Hassan, and convey him to the palace. The slave carried him

off, and the caliph shut the chamber door when he left it.

When the caliph reached the palace, he ordered Abou Hassan to be laid on a sofa in the fourth saloon, whence he had been carried back to his own house, fast asleep, on the former occasion, and directed the same dress to be put upon him which he had already worn. He then bade them all go to bed, and ordered the chief and all the eunuchs, the officers of the bed-chamber, the female musicians, and the same damsels who were in this saloon when he had drunk the last glass of wine which brought on his sleep, to be ready without fail the next day at sunrise, when he should awake, and charged each of them to play their part exactly.

The caliph went to bed, after having told Mesrour to come and inform him, before the musicians and eunuchs went into the closet, where Haroun Alraschid and they had been on the previous occasions concealed.

Mesrour did not fail to wake the caliph exactly at the appointed hour; he immediately dressed, and went out towards the chamber where Abou Hassan was still asleep. He found the officers of the eunuchs, those of the bed-chamber, the damsels, and the female band of musicians, at the door, waiting his arrival. He told them, in few words, what his intention was; then he went in, and proceeded to place himself in the closet, enclosed with lattices. Mesrour, all the other officers, *the damsels, and* the female band of musicians, came

in after him, and stood round the sofa on which Abou Hassan was asleep, in such a way as not to prevent the caliph from seeing whatever he should do.



When everything was thus arranged, and the caliph's powder had taken all its effect, Abou Hassan awoke. At this moment the seven choirs of female singers mixed their delightful voices with the sound of hautboys, soft flutes, and other instruments, so as to make a most agreeable concert.

Abou Hassan was very much astonished when he heard such sweet harmony; he opened his eyes, and his astonishment increased beyond measure when he

perceived the damsels and the officers who stood round him, and whom he thought he recollected. The saloon where he found himself seemed the same as that which he had seen in his first dream; he observed there the same lights, the same furniture, and the same ornaments.

The concert ceased, in order to give the caliph an opportunity of observing the countenance of his guest, and hearing all he should say in his astonishment. The damsels, Mesrour, and all the officers of the bed-chamber, keeping a profound silence, remained each in their place, with every mark of respect. "Alas," cried Abou Hassan, biting his fingers, "here am I again fallen into the same illusion which I experienced a month ago! and what have I to expect but the same strokes of the thong, the hospital for madmen, and the iron cage! He whom I received yesterday evening at my house is a most wicked fellow, to cause me this illusion, and all the misery I shall suffer in consequence of it. Perfidious traitor! he had promised with an oath that he would shut my chamber door after him when he left my house; but he has not done so, and the evil spirit has entered, and now is again turning my brain with this dream of Commander of the Faithful; and with so many other fancies by which he fascinates my eyes."

After these last words, Abou Hassan shut his eyes, and remained wrapped in deep thought, with a mind *thoroughly confused*. A moment after he opened them,

and gazing by turns on all the objects presented to his view, "I know what I will do," continued he; "I will sleep till Satan leaves me, and is gone back to the place whence he came, though I should stay till noon."

His attendants, however, did not give him time to sleep again, as he proposed. Heart's Delight, one of the damsels, whom he had seen the first time, came up to him, and seating herself at the end of the sofa, "Commander of the Faithful," said she, in a very respectful manner, "I beseech your majesty to pardon me, if I take the liberty of advising you not to sleep again, but to endeavour to rouse yourself and get up, because the day is beginning to appear."—"Get thee from me, Satan," said Abou Hassan, when he heard this voice; then, looking up at Heart's Delight, "Do you call me Commander of the Faithful?" said he. "You certainly take me for some one else."

"It is to your majesty," resumed Heart's Delight, "that I give this title, which belongs to you as sovereign of all the world. Your majesty chooses, without doubt, to amuse yourself," added she, "by pretending to forget yourself; but, if your majesty will be pleased to open your eyes, the cloud which, perhaps, hangs over your imagination will be dissipated, and you will see that you are in your palace, surrounded by your officers and your slaves."

Heart's Delight said so many other things to Abou Hassan which appeared probable to him, that at length

he rose and sat up. He opened his eyes, and knew her again, as well as Cluster of Pearls, and the other damsels whom he had seen before. Then they all came near him at once; and Heart's Delight resuming her discourse, "Commander of the Faithful," said she, "your majesty will allow us to remind you again, that it is time to rise: you see it is daylight."

"You are very troublesome and impertinent," resumed Abou Hassan, rubbing his eyes, the miseries of the hospital for lunatics and the whip still rankling in his, "I am not Commander of the Faithful, I am Abou Hassan only; and you shall not persuade me to the contrary."—"We know nothing of Abou Hassan, of whom your majesty speaks," replied Heart's Delight; "we have no desire to know him; we know your majesty to be Commander of the Faithful, and you will never persuade us that you are not so."

Abou Hassan had, however, in the meantime, shut his eyes again. "Commander of the Faithful," said Heart's Delight, "since your majesty does not rise after being told it is daylight, as we are bound to do, and that it is necessary your majesty should pay attention to the business of the empire which is entrusted to your government, we shall make use of the permission you have given us on such occasions." At the same time she took him by the arm, and, calling the *other damsels to* her assistance, they carried him, *almost by force,* into the midst of the saloon, wher

they placed him on a seat. They then took each other by the hand, and danced and skipped about him to the sound of the tymbals, and all the other instruments, which they played about his head as loud as possible.

Abou Hassan was perplexed beyond expression. "Can I be really caliph and Commander of the Faithful?" said he to himself. At last, uncertain what to think, he beckoned to Cluster of Pearls and Morning Star. "Don't tell fibs," said he with great simplicity, "but tell me truly who I am."



"Your majesty chooses to surprise us by putting *this question,*" answered Morning Star, "as if you did *not yourself know* that you are Commander of the

Faithful. If this were not the case, some extraordinary dream must have made your majesty forget who you are. It may well be something of this sort, if it is considered that your majesty has slept to-night a much longer time than usual; nevertheless, if your majesty gives permission, I will bring to your recollection everything you did yesterday through the whole day." She then related to him his coming into his council, the punishment of the Imaum, and the four sheikhs, by the officer of the police; the present of a purse of gold, sent by his vizier, to the mother of a person called Abou Hassan; what was done in the interior of the palace, and what passed at the three tables of refreshment, which were served in the three saloons, even in the last, "where your majesty," continued she, addressing herself to him, "after having made us sit near you at the table, did us the honour of hearing our songs, and taking wine from our hands, till the moment when your majesty fell fast asleep. Since then your majesty, contrary to your usual habit, has been constantly in a deep sleep, quite to the beginning of this day."

"Well, well," returned Abou Hassan, shaking his head, "you would fain impose upon me, if I would listen to you. For my part," he went on, "I say you are all mad, and have lost your senses. 'Tis a great *pity, however, since* you are all so handsome. But *know, that since* I saw you I have been at my own

house, have treated my mother very ill, have been thrown into the lunatics' hospital, where I remained, much against my will, more than three weeks, during which time the keeper never failed to treat me every day with fifty strokes of the thong: and would you have all this to be nothing but a dream?" "Commander of the Faithful," replied the Morning Star, "we assure you that it is only a dream. You have not left this room since yesterday, and you have not ceased sleeping the whole night till this moment."

The confidence with which this damsel assured Abou Hassan that all she said was true, and that he had not left the saloon since he first entered it, reduced him once more to the situation of not knowing what to believe, either who he was or what he saw. He remained some time quite lost in thought. He then uncovered his arms, still black with the strokes he had received, and, showing them to the damsels, "See," said he, "and judge whether such wounds could come from a dream when one is asleep. I can assure you I think them real; and the pain I feel from them is so sure a proof that I can have no doubt. If, nevertheless, all this has befallen me in my sleep, it is the most extraordinary thing in the world; I confess it passes my comprehension."

In the uncertain state of Abou Hassan's mind, he *called one of the officers* who was near him: "Come *hither," said he, "and bite* the tip of my ear, that I

may determine whether I am asleep or awake." The officer came near, took the tip of his ear between his teeth, and bit it so hard that Abou Hassan set up a dreadful cry.



At this cry all the instruments played at the same time, and the damsels and the officers began to dance, to sing, and skip about Abou Hassan with so much noise, that he fell into a sort of frenzy, which made him do a thousand silly things. He began to sing with the rest; he stripped off the fine dress of the caliph which *they had put upon* him; he threw upon the floor the *cap he had on* his head; sprang off his seat, an

threw himself between the two damsels, whom he took by the hand, and began to skip and dance with them so actively, so violently, and with so many droll and ridiculous twistings of his body, that the caliph could no longer restrain himself. This sudden fit of merriment of Abou Hassan made him laugh so violently that he fell backwards, and was heard above all the noise of the musical instruments and cymbals. He laughed so long and so heartily that he was in some danger of hurting himself. At length he rose and opened the lattice, and putting out his head, still laughing, "Abou Hassan, Abou Hassan!" he cried, "are you determined to make me die with laughing?"

When the caliph spoke everybody was silent, and the music ceased. Abou Hassan turned his head towards the place whence the voice came. He recognised the caliph and the merchant of Mossoul at the same time. He was not disconcerted at this; he knew in a moment that he was quite awake, and that all which had befallen him was perfectly real, and no dream. He fell in with the humour of the caliph. "Ah, ah!" cried he, looking at him with an air of confidence, "you are there, merchant of Mossoul! How can you complain that I make you die with laughing; you, that are the cause of the ill-treatment I showed my mother, and of all that I myself received during my long confinement in the hospital for lunatics; *you, who have so* ill-treated the Imaum of the mosque,

and the four sheikhs, my neighbours, for I had nothing to do with it, I wash my hands of it. In short, are not you the aggressor, and am I not the sufferer?"—"You are in the right, Abou Hassan," replied the caliph, still continuing to laugh; "but, to make amends for all your sufferings, I am ready to recompense you in any way you wish, and shall think proper to demand."

As soon as he had said this, the caliph came down from his closet and entered the saloon. He ordered one of his best habits to be brought, and bade the damsel and the officers of the chamber dress Abou Hassan with it. When they had done so, "You are my brother," said the caliph embracing him; "ask of me whatever you wish, and I will grant it."—"Commander of the Faithful," replied Abou Hassan, "I beseech your majesty to have the goodness to inform me what you did to turn my brain, and what was your design in so doing; at present this is of more importance to me than anything else, to bring my mind back again to its former state."

The caliph was very ready to give Abou Hassan this satisfaction. "You must, in the first place, know then," said he, "that I disguise myself very often, and especially by night, to make myself acquainted whether proper order be preserved in all respects in the city of Bagdad; and, as I am also glad to know what is passing in its neighbourhood, I fix a certain day, which is the first of every month, to make a large circuit.

beyond the walls, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other; and I always return by the bridge. I was returning from this circuit the evening you invited me to sup with you. In the course of our conversation, you observed that the chief thing you desired was to be caliph and Commander of the Faithful only during the space of twenty-four hours, to punish the Imaum of the mosque in your neighbourhood, and the four sheikhs, his counsellors. Your desire appeared to me a circumstance from which I might derive great amusement; and, with that view, I at once thought of the means of procuring you the satisfaction you were desirous of. I had about me a powder which brings on a deep sleep the moment it is taken, and from which a person does not awake during a certain time. Without you perceiving it, I put a dose of it into the last glass which I presented to you, and you swallowed it. You were immediately seized with a sleepy fit, and I ordered you to be taken away, and carried to my palace by the slave attending upon me; and when I went away I left your chamber-door open. I need not tell you what happened to you at my palace after your waking, and during the whole of that day till night, when, after having been well entertained, by my order, one of my female slaves who waited upon you put another dose of the same powder into the last glass, which she presented to you, and which you drank. A sound sleep immediately seized you, and I ordered you to be carried back

to your own house, by the same slave who had brought you, with an order to leave again the chamber-door open when he came out of it. You had yourself told me all that befel you on the next and following days. I did not imagine you would have to undergo so much as you suffered on this occasion; but, as I have given you my word, I will do everything to console you, and what shall make you forget, if possible, all your sufferings. See, then, what I can do for your satisfaction, and freely ask me to give you whatever you wish."

"Commander of the Faithful," returned Abou Hassan, "great as have been the evils I have suffered, they are effaced from my memory, the moment I know they were occasioned by my sovereign lord and master. With regard to the generosity with which your majesty offers to make me feel the effects of so much goodness, I can have no doubt, after your irrevocable word has passed; but, as self-interest had never much power over me, since your majesty gives me this liberty, the favour I shall presume to ask is, that you will allow me free access to your person, that I may have the happiness, all my life, of admiring your greatness."

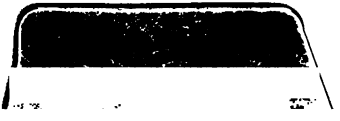
This last proof of Abou Hassan's disinterestedness completely gained the caliph's esteem. "I most readily comply with your request," said he, "and at the same time grant you free access to my palace at all hours, and to whatever part you desire:" and he immediately assigned him an apartment in the palace. As to

his appointments, he chose rather that he should be about his person, than have any particular office in his treasury; and, upon the spot, ordered a thousand pieces of gold to be paid him from the privy purse. Abou Hassan made the humblest acknowledgments to the caliph, who then left him, in order to hold a council as usual.

Abou Hassan took this opportunity to go immediately to his mother, and inform her of what had passed, and of his good fortune. He made her understand that all which had befallen him was by no means a dream; that he had been caliph; that he had actually discharged all the functions, and really received all the honours, paid to the caliph, during the space of twenty-four hours; and that she need not doubt of what he was telling her, since he had it confirmed to him by the caliph's own mouth.

The news of Abou Hassan's story was soon spread throughout the city of Bagdad; it passed even into the neighbouring provinces, and thence into the most distant, with all the singular and amusing circumstances with which it was attended.

LETTER, DUFF, AND CO. PLAYHOUSE YARD, BLACKFRIARS.




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